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The Middle East: Alternatives to Stalemate, by Charles Yost

Saturday Review

April 3, 1976

75¢

TIME BOMB IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

by Jacques-Yves Cousteau

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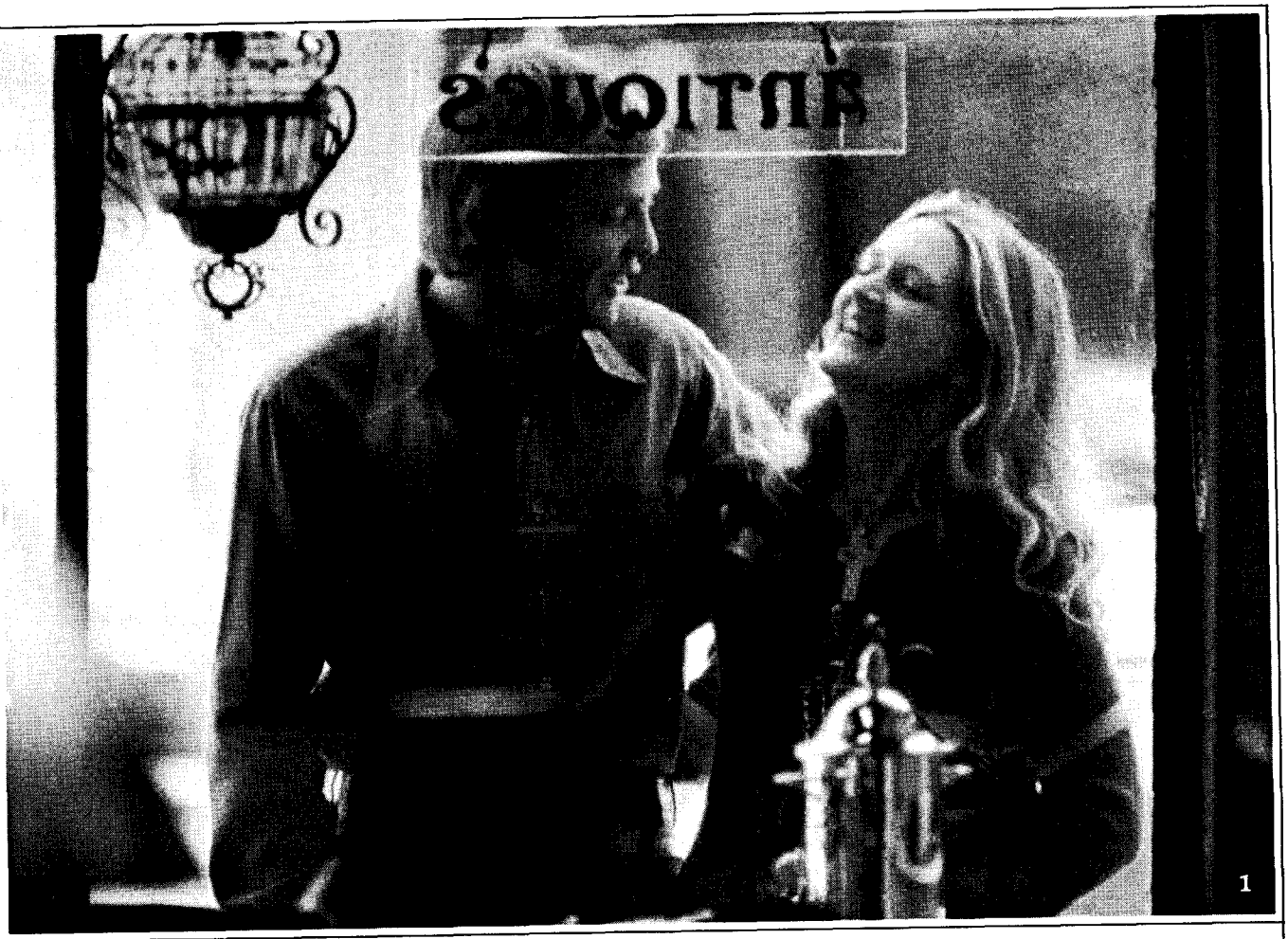

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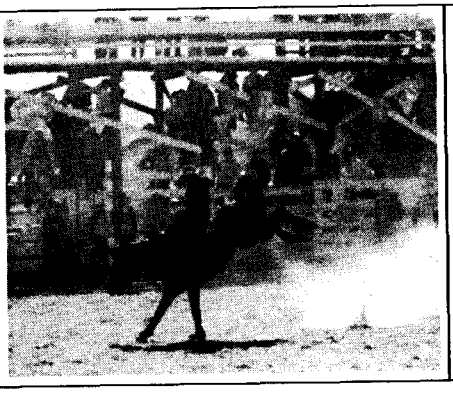

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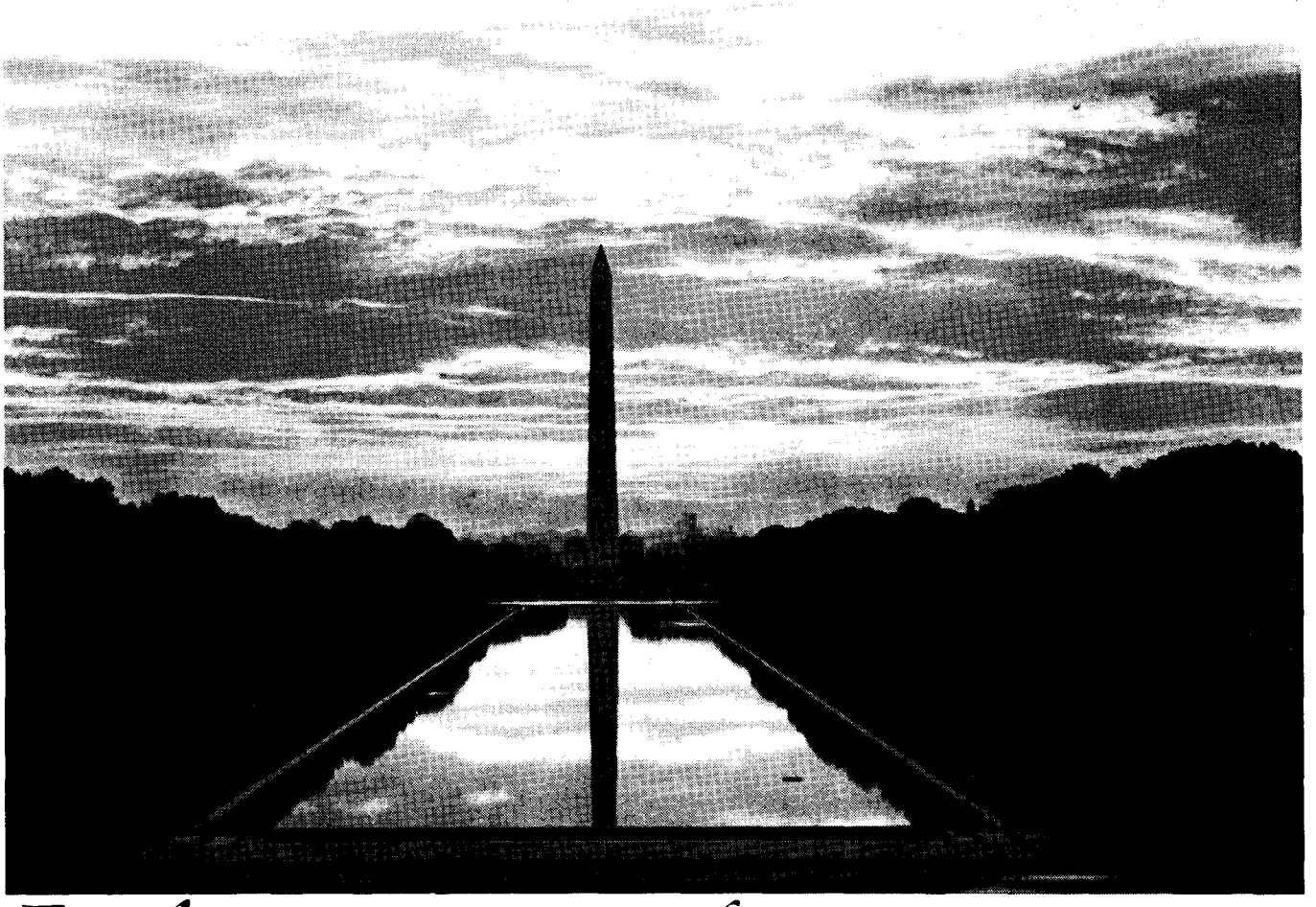

For sharpening your focus

Millions of Americans over a long span of years have been drawn here by emotion, no less deeply felt for having arisen from widely—even wildly—differing opinions.

More millions intend to get here some time. Not that they *have* to get here. They just want to.

The 555-foot-high column of white marble was put up generations ago in honor of a remote figure, a man named George Washington, whose austere profile can be seen whenever one pulls out a quarter.

In the shadow of the pillar, an inconspicuous new building has just opened to the public. Between now and the end of October, three million visitors can each spend a quarter-hour in the little building's movie theater to see with today's eyes a bit more about the man and his aspirations than the white stone tells. What drove this prosperous gentleman "of ordinary talent and extraordinary character"? What is "extraordinary character"?

We are very proud and glad that the National Park Service invited us to design, build, and staff the Washington Monument Orientation Center. It's Kodak's gift to the nation to help celebrate our bicentennial year. No products will be seen in the theater except those carried by the visitors themselves to help remember the day. The staff is there to be helpful, if asked.

Nobody *has* to carry a camera. People just want to. It's a free country.

Kodak

Courtesy of Mount Vernon Ladies' Association

Though it's the same bust that was used for the likeness on the 25-cent piece, he looks different. The sculptor spent some time with him at Mount Vernon. They talked about horses a lot.

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Editor's Book Report

Personal notes on recent reading:

John Gardner, of Common Cause fame, and his daughter, Francesca Gardner Reese, have collaborated on what for them is obviously a labor of love. They have edited a collection of witticisms, aphorisms, and philosophical quips on the human situation. The wry and sometimes sardonic nature of their book is suggested in the title, "Know or Listen to Those Who Know." It is a dip-into book, flavorsome and even vinegary at times. (De Gaulle: "When I am right, I get angry. Churchill gets angry when he is wrong. So we are very often angry at each other.") The book is a good stabilizer to give to anyone who has a propensity for pomposity, or who thinks that he owns the universe or even that the universe is worth owning. It is an irreverent collection with a needle for every conceivable balloon. Inevitably, it will be compared with *The Practical Cogitator*, which for a quarter-century has been the favorite smorgasbord for munchers of ideas. The Gardner collection will please the same palates. (Suggestion for Evan Thomas, editor at Norton's: why not make the book as portable as it is delectable by reissuing it in handbook size?)

I AM INDEBTED to Landrum Bolling, former college president and now a foundation executive, for calling my attention to *Small Is Beautiful*, by E. F. Schumacher, the English economist. What gives this book its distinction is not just the high quality of the writing but the author's ability to apply economic theory to the world as a whole.

Schumacher's point of entry into the world arena is through economics, but he knows enough about history and philosophy to see the world as a total organism. The title of his book is intended to suggest that the values of the small unit, whether in government or industry or science or education, are being shunned by modern society at a fearsome cost. Mr. Schumacher doesn't want to abolish bigness; what he advocates is a more effective integration between large and small. He is primarily concerned about the management of this planet for the human good, and he is troubled by the tendency to allow bigness to destroy the beauty of life.

WHY SURVIVE? by Dr. Robert N. Butler, is probably one of the most important books published during 1975. It deals with demographic changes that have yet to register fully with the American people. The principal change has been an increase in life expectancy and a corresponding drop in the birthrate. The combined effect has been a shift in the gravitational center of power from the 17-to-34 group, so celebrated by people in communications and advertising, to the age group over 35. The mystique of youth is no more. It has been overthrown by the demographic revolution. The realization is slow in dawning that we live in a mature society and that, in the case of so-called senior citizens, our attitudes are as backward as they are costly. The entire theory of retirement calls for reappraisal. The only thing more serious than the squandering of natural resources is the squandering of our human resources.

A BOOK I KNOW I will want to keep for many years is *The Healing Hand*, by Guido Majno. It deals with one of the most fascinating subjects in the world—the way the human body works and how it has been treated when it is in need of repair. The author goes back more than 4,000 years in his study of nostrums and practices that were no better in many cases than some of the highly scientific methods in use today. Not just in its large-size format and attractive use of illustrations but in its appeal to the speculative intelligence, the book reminds me of *The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*, edited by Edward MacCurdy. It offers proof that the human mind can be used to analyze itself. In its broad outlines, the book is the story of the developing scientific intelligence in the field of medicine—in both East and West. Equally impressive in this volume is the evidence that the human body has been able to overcome not only the illnesses that beset it but also the treatments administered in the name of science.

EVERY TIME a new book by Will and Ariel Durant appears in their series, *The Story of Civilization*, an academic chorus rises up to condemn their work as "popularization." The Durants deserve something better than this kind of stereotyped and sterile response. They have brought to their lifelong work a quality of sustained dedication and honest scrutiny. They have given themselves a superhuman assignment, and the least that is owing to them is respectful recognition of their purpose. That purpose is not to break new frontiers of historical knowledge, but to share with non-scholars their sense of fascination about the historical procession. Their latest book, *The Age of Napoleon*, is written with verve and an eye for the quirks and paradoxes of people involved in the historical process. Read not as a textbook, *The Age of Napoleon* is appealing and rewarding.

N. C.

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Letters From Readers

Leniency Recommended

I have read Katharine Kuh's interesting article on UNESCO ("UNESCO and the Jerusalem Digs," January 24), and I wish to commend her for the good factual report.

My only regret about many of the reports that have appeared concerning the last General Assembly of UNESCO is that there is a tendency to condemn everything and everyone at headquarters for this unfortunate resolution, and for not inviting Israel to join the European Region of UNESCO. Many extremely capable and dedicated people work in UNESCO, and the worthwhile programs far outweigh the poor ones. Thus I hate to see a blanket condemnation of the organization because of the actions of delegates from several countries. In the final analysis these are the persons who should receive the major blame for the unfortunate actions at the General Assembly. . . .

J. I. Porter
Chairman, College of Medicine
University of Iowa
Iowa City, Iowa

Fatal Decision

The action of the state of Michigan in re-conditioning cemeteries into golf courses (*World Progress Report*, December 27) may appeal to that small but powerful segment of our population that invests the sport with spiritual significance, but it is dreadful public policy nevertheless. The fact that the people of Michigan were given an opportunity to vote on this proposition, and decided in favor of it, doesn't make it right. I find it difficult to conceive of any circumstances that could justify seeding over a cemetery. Nor am I reassured by the fact that the Michigan graves, by being relocated and stacked, will be preserved in 1/100 the space. Even if the purpose had nothing to do with golf and sought to build schools or hospitals, I would still be against it.

There is something fiendishly symbolic in this entire enterprise. Any civilization that has so little respect for the dead can hardly be expected to have respect for the living. If the Michigan abomination is allowed to stand, then no grave anywhere is safe.

K.J.S.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Jefferson's Inamoratas

It is difficult to reconcile *SR*'s prized respect for its readers' intelligence and perspective with Joseph Barry's description of Jefferson's sojourn in Paris, which fails to mention the name of Sally Hemings ("Jefferson in Paris," January 10).

The author's omission of comment on a relationship recognized by most Jeffersonian scholars (including Barry's principal referent, Fawn Brodie) changes the whole ambience of Jefferson's Parisian idyll. From his own point of view, Jefferson may have found the Hemings relationship less costly—it merely made it difficult for him to become and remain President—whereas the Cosway affair made it impossible for him to play the violin. However, from the traveler-historian's point of view, both are significant—Cosway released him from his bondage to his dead wife, and Hemings gave him his first-born son, not to mention certain conflicts about equality and freedom.

David A. V. Moody
Van Nuys, Calif.

Joseph Barry replies: There are many pages about Jefferson's love for Sally Hemings in Fawn Brodie's biography. If it commenced in Paris, it was clandestine by its very nature—hardly lending itself to a tour of Paris and its environs in the light of Jefferson's love, which was the nature of my article.

Indeed the lifelong liaison of Jefferson and Sally Hemings is way beyond that story of Jefferson's visitable Paris, better not touched on at all than dealt with lightly or briefly.

Revolutionary Ancestors

The *Saturday Review* is to be congratulated on its two Bicentennial issues. No other magazine that I know of has featured what is actually the most important aspect of your American Revolution: namely, the way it changed the world, and not just America.

Ever since coming to the United States as Special Professor of Russian Studies, I have been doing work on the ancestry of the American Founding Fathers. Their genealogy is generally concentrated in England, as has been documented in numerous biographies. Less well known, however, is the fact that both Washington and Jefferson are of collateral Russian ancestry. Washington's great-grandmother was pure Russian (Yulia Mayarova). Jefferson's grandfather on his mother's side was half-Russian (Taras Fyodorov). Thomas Paine had at least two Russian ancestors no more than three generations removed (Alexei Turishieff and Georgii Manshikov).

I also have some preliminary evidence that the Adams family had distant collateral origins in Russia.

Obviously, these genealogical lines are too thin for Russians to claim credit for the founding of the United States. But it is a source of pride to Russians in your Bicentennial year that they were at least part of your noble heritage.

Prof. Alexandre K. J. Sitwelloff
Cambridge, Mass.

"He wants new material every day. I'm thinking of contacting some gag writers."

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Matters of the Heart

by Alida Greydanus

Although the current fashion is to alienate the sexes, an increased shedding of sexist consciousness and its accompanying "isms"—in the interests of humanism pure and simple—would be a shot in the arm for all involved. There are, after all, many kinds of frustration in which male and female share equal ground. In fact, it is an irony that, given a hierarchy of human frustration based on unanimity of experience, the classic case of the unrequited lover would probably rate a top rung. And a private affliction of mine, self-reproach—always after the event—for not having had one's perceptual antennae more acutely attuned, is undoubtedly also universal, yet of another stripe altogether.

But the frustration of loneliness is a tragedy of such magnitude that it eclipses other frustrations completely. Like cancer, it is a scourge of the modern age, and its devastating domain is not only the geriatric ward, where the problem is serious enough. It is awful beyond description for the lover to be rejected by the beloved, but it is infinitely more awful when differences of sex or age become superfluous and one has no sense of connection whatsoever with the human race. As the 12-year-old Frankie Addams in Carson McCullers's *The Member of the Wedding* articulates the problem: "The trouble with me is that for a long time I have just been an *I* person. All people belong to a *We* except me. Not to belong to a *We* makes you too lonesome."

The subject of spiritual isolation is the basis of most of McCullers's themes. In her essay "Loneliness . . . an American Malady," she observes that the European "secure in his family ties and rigid class loyalties," consequently suffers from less of the disorder. The observation invites disagreement. But her instincts elsewhere in her fiction are unerringly right as she explores the paradox of the unfolding chrysalis of selfhood: the emergence of a sense of personal identity, on the one hand, and of a sense of belonging, on the other. Consciousness of the self is, indeed, the first abstract problem that the human being solves, but, in the novelist's own words, "after the first establishment of identity there comes the imperative need to lose this new found sense of separateness and to belong to something larger and more powerful than the weak, lonely self."

What is disturbing at present is why, in an age when the means of communication have reached an unprecedented degree of multifariousness and perfectibility, the gap between the *I* and the *We* should be so difficult to bridge. Man and the media have never been so loquacious, but it all curiously and depressingly reminds one of the inundating torpor of Chekhovian dialogue, in which the characters, verbally astute enough, always seem to talk *past* each other rather than *to* one another. One of Carson McCullers's best-known works, *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*, proves that loneliness really has nothing to do with numbers of people, their proximity, and their eloquence, but it does suggest that it may have something to do with their hearts. The novel's strength is the doubt which it leaves that, had the ironically named John Singer not been a deaf mute, he would not have been lonely.

One only believes with skepticism, furthermore, that for the musicians, painters, and writers of the world—many of whom have left tortured testaments of a sense of "otherness" that was overwhelming—the artistic creation was sufficient compensation for the ravages of loneliness in the heart. It would seem that the burden of being separate because inordinately gifted is not the worst. Poet and critic Al Alvarez speaks as a man of compassion when he says, in commenting upon the suicides of John Berryman and Sylvia Plath, that if this is the terrible cost, then art isn't worth it. But perhaps it is really a matter of art simply not being enough.

Yet, it is right to insist stubbornly that it is a man's ability to communicate, to speak a language, that distinguishes him from the lower animals and the comparative anonymity of their existence. This is not to say that, likewise, his mastery may not be his undoing. The poetic heights of *The Song of Solomon*, Ovid's *Heroides*, and their modern counterparts do not exonerate man for being untutored in a less exclusive language of love—a language characterized by the spirit of *interestedness*, of both an intellectual interest into the affairs of fellow men that is substantive and earnest, and a human interest that is genuine. A major step in conquering loneliness would be to become interested in one another once more, and such interest can be generated only out of love.

It is an intriguing contradiction that "matters of the heart" should smack of what is gauche and embarrassing to the modern sensibility when much of contemporary literature and the arts is generally characterized by a refusal to apologize for man's humanity, championing his vulnerability instead. (The awkwardness is evidenced, significantly enough, by the perceptibly diminished use of such words as *heartfelt, hearten,* and *heartstricken* in everyday speech.) Yet it would seem not only arrogant but also ignorant to dismiss as simplistic or naive a respect for what has been recognized by enlightened thinkers throughout the centuries as the elusive but vital center of man's being. Only a fool would dispute the notion that out of the heart still spring all the important issues of life.

Thoughts concerning the subject of the anatomy of frustration inevitably bring to mind that great chronicle of discontent, Robert Burton's *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. Burton does not renege on his promise to plumb both the ridiculous as well as the tragic depths of the human spirit, and his fastidiousness in exposing folly as well as frailty is an instructive reminder of the margin that must always be left for the redeeming balm of humor. Burton completed the *Anatomy* four years after the death of Shakespeare. Theirs was an age that was frankly interested in the "passionately unreasonable" aspects of man's nature. History since that time has included two great periods, the 18th century and the Victorian era, during which renewed emphasis was given to, and unconstrained confidence placed in, man's reasonableness. Today, again, we would do well to direct ourselves more and more to the unreasonable aspects of man because these days it is not man's ability to think that one questions so much as his ability to feel. □

Alida Greydanus is working on her doctorate in English literature at St. Hilda's College, Oxford.

The Editors are pleased to announce that Jacques-Yves Cousteau, oceanographer and president of The Cousteau Society, has become a contributing editor of *SR*. His column, which will appear monthly under the title "The Pulse of the Sea," begins with this issue.

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Manner of Speaking

by John Ciardi

Bicentennial

All I really know about history is that it covers a lot of ground and takes a long time doing it. One piece of that ground, a cliff above Lake Champlain, contains Fort Ticonderoga. There, in the pre-dawn of May 10, 1775, Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys (most of them from Connecticut) rushed the fort with no bloodshed, and Ethan pounded open the sleeping commandant's door to demand his surrender "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

History has a way of treating heroes lightly, tossing them into oblivion despite their clamor; yet it yields to the power of language: let even a minor hero turn a ringing phrase at the right moment, and history locks his memory into men's minds and hearts.

So, 200 years later to the day and to the very hour—this time in a special report to *The New York Times* of May 11 and for the Bicentennial Commission of New York State—Ethan Allen retook Ticonderoga while spectators huddled in the pre-dawn cold to watch and to sniff the aroma of a 600-pound ox turning on a spit *en route* to becoming ox sandwiches at $1.50 apiece. At the first capture, $1.50 would probably have bought three acres of wilderness, but ox is ox, cold gives spectators an appetite, and the sale of the sandwiches helped underwrite history, which always demands a subsidy. It was so that New York State launched what the *Times* called "the first major event of its Bicentennial observation."

The Bicentennial Commission might reasonably have felt a bit ambivalent about launching its commemoration with Ethan Allen. It must at least have occurred to someone on the commission that the Green Mountain Boys were first organized to fight off New York State's claim to jurisdiction over their piece of the wilderness. By the time Ethan Allen took Ticonderoga, he was resisting not the "Yorkers," but the British, and it was probably in the latter fact, rather than in the former, that the Bicentennial Commission found its rationale.

The commission seems also to have done its best to round up authentic descendants of the original Green Mountain Boys. The *Times* reported that Dr. John Lattimer, a urologist from Englewood, N.J., "playing the role of his ancestor, Ethan Allen, led the way, his right hand on the hilt of his sword, a flashlight in his left hand." The reborn Ethan charged up the wooden steps, pounded on the commandant's door, and —brandishing his sword or his flashlight, as the case may be—demanded the surrender in the ancestral rhetoric.

But in the rhetoric of whose ancestor? That Bicentennial Commission can get away with a flashlight or two—Americans are a reasonable people in any choice between the authentic and the unlit—but we are in for shoddy observances unless our commissions check their lineages more accurately.

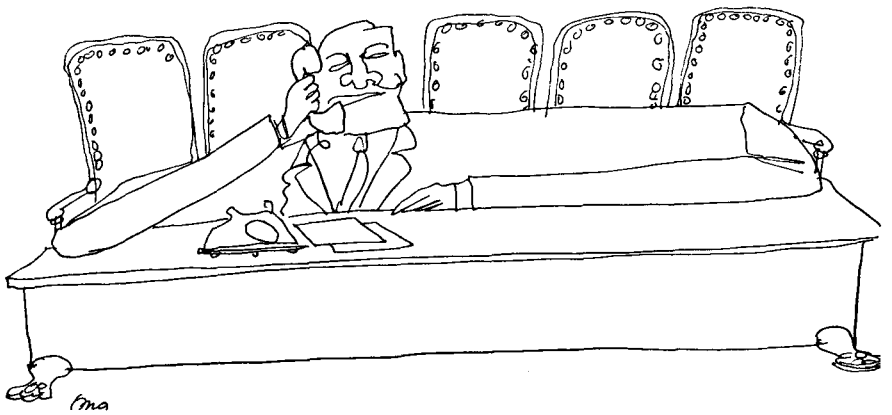
For it is absolutely clear on the record that Ethan Allen never married. History, to be sure, takes in the birds and the bees as readily as it takes in holy matrimony. In Ethan Allen's case, however, there is no hint of his birding and beeing in any consequential way —nothing, certainly, on which to pin a line of descent. Ethan Allen, having begot no descendants, is no man's ancestor, except collaterally.

Nor do I mean to contest Dr. Lattimer's place in his own family tree. He is, I gather, a resolute, good fellow who gave a rousing performance in a dark hour. It is the Bicentennial Commission, I suggest, that should have looked more carefully at the skeletons in the ancestral closet. Ethan had a brother Ira, who was with him at Ticonderoga. I cannot myself attest to that, but I am assured by a local historian that Ira did marry and beget. Dr. Lattimer, I will guess, is Ira's descendant, which is all in the family and close enough. But let our Bicentennial Commission take this near miss as reason enough to check the facts more closely.

YANKEE: The Bicentennial is a proper occasion for looking again at the origins of the word *Yankee*. Your dictionary will probably tell you that it is a Dutch colonial coinage from *Janke*, meaning "Johnny," and, in extension, "a guy," "a person," "a type," as current slang says: "This John came in looking for trouble." The Dutch, it is claimed, though no one has been able to verify this, referred to their Connecticut neighbors as "those Jankes," the *J* being pronounced, of course, as a *Y*.

A second derivation from French *anglais*, as corrupted by the Indian allies of the French, has been brought into doubt by scholars who know what little is known about Indian pronunciation.

And both derivations are after the fact, for Cobham Brewer notes that Cromwell's arrival in Oxford in 1642 was lampooned in a ditty that began, "Nankee Doodle came to town." Conclusion: the word *Yankee*, like Ethan Allen's descendants, lacks visible antecedents. □



"You are speaking with Smith, Dobson, Burnes, Marshall, and Jones."

WIT TWISTER NO. 68
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 56.

On potters' hands a crust of __ __ __ __ __ lingers,
And __ __ __ __ __ adheres to book-restorers' fingers.
Man's highest work some soiling toil demands;
The __ __ __ __ __ itself was made by work-stained hands.

A. S.

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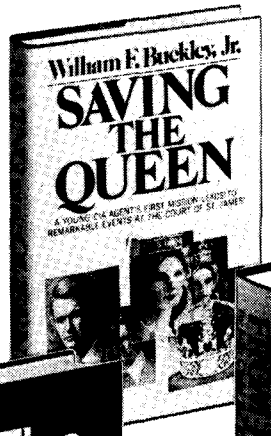

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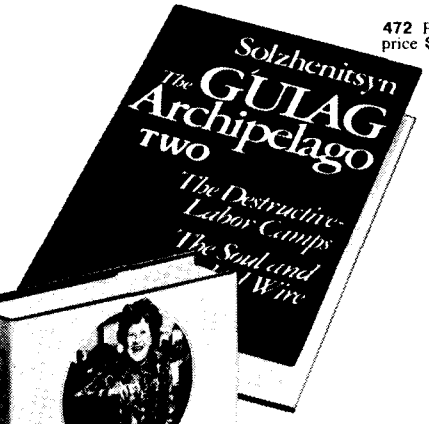

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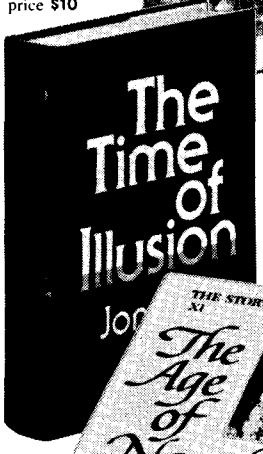

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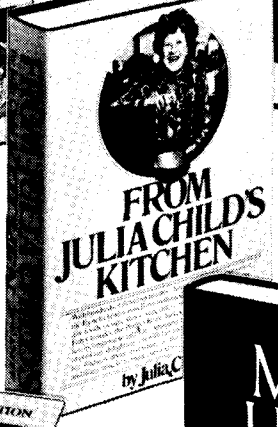

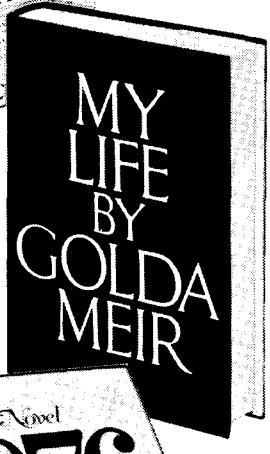

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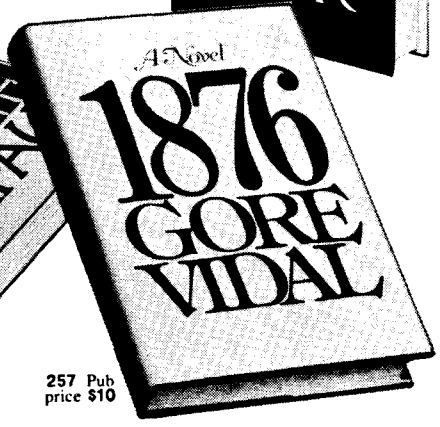

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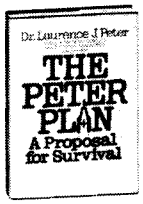

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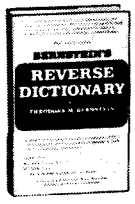

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THE PULSE OF THE SEA

A Monthly Letter From Jacques-Yves Cousteau,
president, The Cousteau Society

Time Bomb in the Mediterranean

In the passageway between the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas, three miles from the Italian shoreline, rests a sunken freighter and its cargo of deadly tetraethyl and tetramethyl lead. These compounds—if swallowed or even absorbed through the skin—prey on the nervous system, causing delirium, insanity, and death. Ever since the ship sank two years ago, Italy and Yugoslavia have bickered over their responsibilities and have discussed—but have yet to take—corrective action. Meanwhile, only 320 feet below a buoy that marks the wreck, 900 drums of lead toxin are slowly corroding aboard the ship. Others list freely on the ocean bottom, ready to be tossed or carried along to shore by the ominous swell raised in winter during the impetuous *Libeccio* storms.

The story is not just one more instance of environmental carelessness. Nor is the issue one of mere conservation. The controversial drums are filled with death asleep . . . an exemplary case of delayed murder where the self-indulging criminals are blessed with scandalous immunity.

The *Cavtat,* a Yugoslavian freighter, had left England in the summer of 1974 loaded with 600,000 pounds of poisonous—and combustible—cargo. When the ship reached the entrance to the Adriatic, bound for Rijeka, Yugoslavia, it was rammed by a Panamanian freighter about five times heavier. All 30 *Cavtat* crewmen were saved. The ship itself and its deadly cargo, however, settled to the bottom. There it rests, 404 drums of lead compounds stored in the hold, and another 496 drums trapped under rigging, lashed to the deck, and tossing about on the ocean floor just three miles off the coast of Otranto, an Italian resort and fishing town.

What these poisons will do to the sea life and to the people of Otranto—or, for that matter, to the people of all Italy, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Albania—we can only guess. Lead tetraethyl and tetramethyl, used as anti-knock additives in gasoline, are the pollutants present in automobile exhaust. Both the U.N.'s Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization and the National Academy of Sciences in the United States have ranked these compounds among the most lethal of chemical poisons. When dispersed in seawater and metabolized in the fish we eat, the lead compounds can cause insomnia, emotional instability, and hallucination. Severe poisoning—should a drum leak in the hands of a diver or should children play close to a barrel washed up on the beach—will cause convulsions, insanity, coma, and death. The most effective treatment is repeated doses of barbiturates for sedation.

The compounds are stubborn as well; nature and her seawater can do little to change their biological structure. They are insoluble in water. Although heavier than water, they can be carried away by currents. Their deadliness cannot be neutralized by sunlight, which only changes the compounds to triethyl lead, also poisonous.

The extent of damage this cargo will do, then, depends greatly on the hydrodynamics of the Strait of Otranto. Officials of Associated Octel, Ltd., the British manufacturer of the compounds, hopefully say that the zinc-sprayed steel drums will corrode so slowly that the toxins will leak out little by little, only to be swept away by currents and lost in the "magnitude of the seas." They say free-swimming organisms, sensitive to deadly changes in their environment, will leave the vicinity quickly . . . as if planktonic creatures could make such decisions!

Such statements, based only on wishful thinking, are aimed at reassuring the public; but to reassure the public in the case of serious threats of lead, mercury, or radioactive poisoning is to conceal **direct attacks** on the very life of future generations. It is the most hypocritical, revolting kind of murder I can think of.

This kind of false assurance ignores the fact that currents that can scatter toxins can also scatter whole barrels of toxins—washing them only three miles to Otranto; or, worse, conveying a stream of death thousands of miles to some unsuspecting shore. The sea is a capricious magician; not long ago, pesticides originally sprayed in Africa turned up in waters in northeastern India, more than 4,000 miles away.

Should the poisons remain on the bottom, they could infect an area with toxins fatal to marine creatures—an especially gruesome prospect in only 320 feet of water. Although this depth is difficult for divers, it is shallow, considering aquatic life and food production. The danger area is part of the continental shelf, the most fertile portion of the seas, which represents less than 8 percent of the ocean surface and only 1/200 of all our waters. The ruin of even a little aquatic farmland is a very serious matter.

After killing off life on the ocean floor, the lead compounds, in low concentrations, would be metabolized by algae, whether growing on the bottom or drifting by as part of plankton. The poison would then progress right up the food chain, from tiny crustaceans, worms, and larvae to fish, every link concentrating the poison until it ends up on our forks.

The amount of time we are left with to eliminate the eventuality of tragedy depends on the corrosion of the drums. An official of the Environmental Protection Agency in the United States estimates that the barrels could corrode in less than 10 years.

Whether metabolized by fish or washed into the ocean, the lead compounds are little less than a poisonous time bomb, its detonator delayed but still set to go off.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE about it? When the *Cavtat* sank in July 1974, Italian authorities claimed that the ship was in

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international waters and, therefore, was not their responsibility. The Yugoslavian ship owners—the Atlatska Ploridba company—claimed that the cargo was only a potential pollutant, not an interference to navigation, and thereby not in violation of international law. Since that time, the two nations have agreed to work together in deciding whether the cargo should be lifted. In October 1975, they sent a Yugoslavian research ship to inspect the wreck. The governments are now studying the results.

Trying to find out what those results are is almost as nerve-racking as trying to retrieve the poisons. An official of the Italian Embassy Commercial Office in the United States says, "Nothing has been ascertained. The Italian authorities are looking to see what they should do. We do not know what they will do." The press attaché at the Italian embassy in Washington had never even heard about the wreck, much less about the results of the inspection.

GESAMP, a group of expert scientists and engineers that advises the United Nations, was unofficially asked, in the summer of 1974, about the severity of the situation. One of the toxicologists thought that tapping the barrels was much too dangerous; others wondered whether the vessel should be left alone because of the unstable nature of lead and the hazard to divers. The group never gave an official recommendation, and the matter was left pending.

Now, however, almost two years later, one GESAMP expert declares that the Italian government has had enough time to minimize the dangers and is "sitting on its hands." One EPA official suggested that the materials could somehow be chemically gelled, then skimmed off the waters. Another scientist said the drums could be retrieved by workhorse submersibles—machines that can thread a needle under water by remote control, according to one oceanographer. However farfetched these elucubrations may seem, says an expert at Texas A&M, solutions are well within the reach of science. They call only for an expenditure of human brainpower and money.

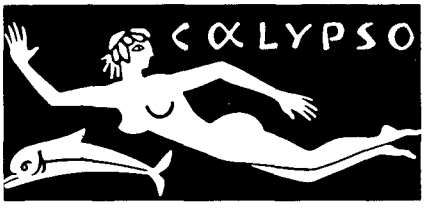
Neither brainpower nor money seems to have been applied in two years' time. Blaming these particular governments, blaming the ship owners, blaming the manufacturers, or otherwise finding fault for a *fait accompli*, however, provides us with no answer at all. The *Cavtat* is not the first ship to go down, nor will she be the last. Only recently, the *Berge Istra*, a mammoth ship designed to carry ore and oil, vanished in an instant after several explosions on board—even though she had won a 100 A1 certificate of seaworthiness, the highest rating by the Norwegian insurance companies. That she was carrying no oil was a matter only of circumstance, not of environmental wisdom or forethought. Accidents cannot be avoided; the pollution they cause could be.

The lead compounds of the *Cavtat* will be "swept away," not to vast, bottomless waters, but to a sea bounded on all sides—a sea with a floor and without an outlet. There, the compounds will mix with the arsenic, the tar, the oil, the DDT, the sodium chloride, the nuclear wastes, the obsolete war gases, and all the other refuse we dump into what is becoming our international septic tank. The water we all depend upon for life itself is, ironically, becoming a deadly poison.

THE ONE PERVASIVE, almost wistful question in the *Cavtat* case—to whom do we turn?—cannot yet be answered by internationally enforced regulations. Such global restrictions have only been outlined. In 1973, participants in an International Convention for the Prevention of Pollution by Ships discussed dangerous-goods codes. Those codes are not in effect; our countries have yet to ratify them. Authority on the seas remains nebulous. Working documents of understanding are not binding. We rationalize and minimize the dangers of polluting our water. And the most aberrant event of our times is that the so-called Law of the Sea Conference is about to surrender its responsibilities to the caprice of dozens of "sovereign" nations, just when the vital necessity of a single set of rules for all the waters of the world has become obvious.

In the meantime, executives of the Club Méditerranée, which has a resort in Otranto, have asked about potential dangers posed by the sunken *Cavtat*. "We had to reassure them," said an Italian official, "and last summer we had our best tourism season yet." His statement is chilling when compared with a comment made by a chemical engineer with extensive experience in the field of hazardous chemical transportation. "Tell me where the *Cavtat* sank," he said. "I'm not going within a mile of that wreck."

I wonder how long it will be before the mothers of the world will revolt against the lightness with which the fate of their children is dealt. Let us hope that the drums of the *Cavtat* will not soon beat an Apocalyptic march.



The Cousteau Society

• Lakeland, Fla., March 28, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.: the first "Involvement Day" for the Alabama, Georgia, and Florida members of The Cousteau Society, an event filled with informative activities and important discussions, as well as continuous entertainment. Next "Involvement Day": in California, at the end of May!

• The Board of Advisors of the Society met for the first time in New York on February 26. Board members attending included Prof. H. Kendall, MIT; Dr. K. O. Emery, Woods Hole; Prof. H. S. Thayer, CUNY; Roger Caras; John Denver; Prof. E. Wenk, U. of Washington; Dr. H. Edgerton, MIT; Dr. G. Nahas, Columbia.

• The Society's research ship, *Calypso*, has made important undersea archeological discoveries in the waters of Greece. It has located antique wrecks and a submerged harbor along the desert island of Dia, off Crete, probably the main commercial harbor of Knossos. Undersea and land excavations are planned to determine the extent and the origin of the various human settlements that existed on the island for 5,000 years.

The Society's seaplane, a PBY Catalina piloted by Philippe Cousteau, has made extensive diving explorations around the island of Coco and in the lagoon of Clipperton Island, both in the Pacific. An expedition to Easter Island is also planned.

A new color videotape system is to be installed inside the Society's exploration submarine, the well-known *Diving Saucer 350*. □

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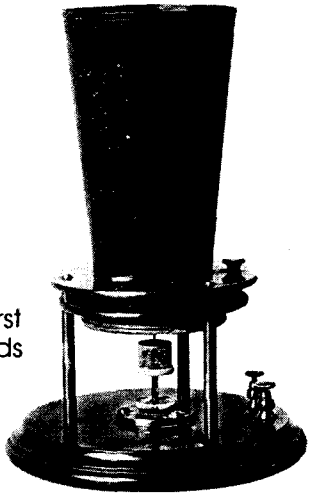
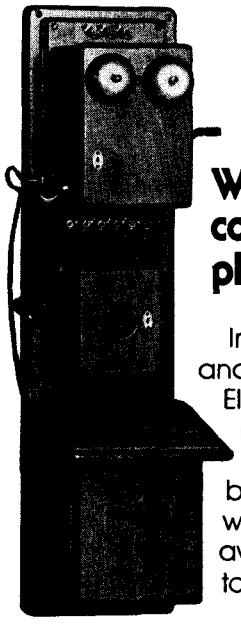


The Liquid Phone—first telephone to carry the words of Alexander Graham Bell.

March 10, 1876: "Mr. Watson, come here—I want to see you!"

In the years since Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, it has progressed from a curiosity piece to an instrument people everywhere depend upon for their daily existence.

Here are some of the things that have made that progress possible.



February 6, 1882: Western Electric wins competition to manufacture phones for Bell.

In Boston, Anson Stager, Enos Barton, and Charles Scribner of the Western Electric Manufacturing Company met with Alexander Graham Bell to demonstrate a telephone they had built to Bell's specifications. Its quality was superior and convinced Bell to award Western Electric the contract to manufacture it.

Western Electric became a partner in the growing Bell System. And today it still performs the same vital task it began 94 years ago: building the highest quality telephones, switchboards and connecting equipment at a reasonable cost.

June 17, 1914: Transcontinental telephone line is completed.

To a group of men near the town of Wendover on the Utah-Nevada border, it had been a grueling five-year project. They had installed 130,000 telephone poles, strung 13,600 miles of wire. They had endured summer days of 130° and weathered snowfalls so blinding even their pack animals were forced to wear dark glasses. It was an enormous task. But linking both coasts by telephone had been worth it.

When service began in January, 1915, a call from New York to San Francisco took 23 minutes to go through. The cost was $20.70. Today, a coast-to-coast call can be made in seconds for under a quarter.

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the telephone, the Bell System Family Theatre

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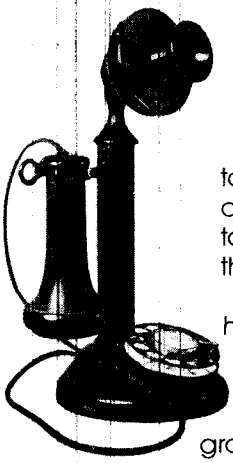
TELEPHONE YEARS OLD.



November 8, 1919: Dial service begins.

In Norfolk, Virginia, Bell customers could do something they couldn't do before. They were able to pick up a telephone and dial their own calls.

In the past, operators had to connect each call by hand. But the operators, mostly young boys at first and then women, couldn't keep up with the growing number of calls.

Beginning in 1919, machines made dial service possible. With it, the telephone as we know it today was born.

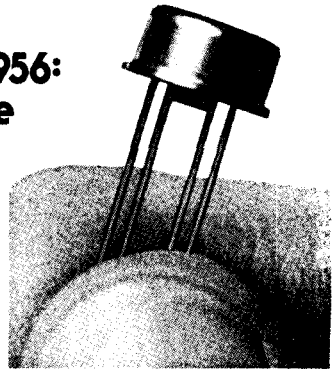
April 7, 1927: First television transmission.

In New York, a handful of people were given a glimpse of the future. It was called television.

In this first demonstration in America, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, spoke from Washington, D.C. The picture was carried over telephone lines by a system developed at Bell Laboratories. It was only an experiment. And, at the time, few people realized just how successful it would turn out to be.

The Bell System is still deeply involved in television. In fact, the network shows you now enjoy come to you in much the same way as the first one in 1927—through the Bell System network.

December 10, 1956: The inventors of the transistor receive the Nobel Prize.



The men who were awarded the prize, John Bardeen, William Shockley and Walter H. Brattain of Bell Labs, had invented the transistor in 1947 to help improve telephone equipment.

In a thousand different ways, from push-button phones to satellite communications, it has done just that. But at the same time, it also helped make a whole new world of technology possible. In computers, modern radio and television, even man's conquest of space, the transistor has played a major role.

All of which raises an interesting question: what might the phone company think of next?

The Second Hundred Years.

To Alexander Graham Bell, the present was never quite good enough. It could always be improved upon.

At the Bell System we believe the same thing. We take great pride in the accomplishments of yesterday and today, but we're continually at work on the future. For example, even now we're starting Electronic Long Distance Switching—a computerized way to make long distance calling faster and more efficient than ever before. Further in the future, we'll have Lightwave Communications, a system that will carry phone calls on a beam of light.

Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone to help people communicate better. Our goal is to keep improving on his dream.

We're keeping America's phone system the best in the world.

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THE MIDDLE EAST: Alternatives to Stalemate

Time is fast running out for both Arabs and Israelis, notes a veteran U.S. diplomat who calls upon both sides to negotiate now.

by Charles Yost

Conventional wisdom has long held that it is impossible to make progress toward an Arab-Israeli peace during an American Presidential election year. Although this view now seems to be accepted even in Jerusalem, it is not in fact very flattering to Israel. For it seems to imply that Israel is either not willing or not able to undertake meaningful initiatives toward peace, except under strong American pressure of the sort that is unlikely to be exercised during an election year.

After the Six-Day War in 1967, the Israeli government proceeded on the theory that time worked in Israel's favor, that her Arab neighbors would eventually accommodate themselves to the "secure boundaries"—considerably more extensive than those obtaining before June 1967—that a majority of Israelis considered necessary to their safety. The 1973 war shook but did not wholly dissipate this presumption. However, the course of events during the past two years has perhaps done so. It is true that Israel remains, and is likely to remain for the near future, militarily superior to all her Arab neighbors combined. Moreover, the Israeli-Egyptian Sinai Agreement of last year has produced a rift between Egypt and other Arab states that seems to reduce the pressure on Israel.

In a wider perspective, however, the thesis that time still works in Israel's favor has become much harder to sustain. Arab economic power has been vastly enlarged by the quadrupling of the price of oil and by the probability that Arab revenues and Western dependence on Arab oil will remain high for some time to come. This economic power has inevitable political and military consequences.

The wealthy Arab states are providing substantial economic and military assistance to the so-called front-line Arab states. So in some cases is the Soviet Union. That is nothing new. But now, because of both political reasons and the balance of payments, Western Europe and the United States are also participating in this Arab buildup. In time the Arab-Israeli military balance is bound to be affected. Moreover, Arab armies are learning to fight much more effectively.

On the political side Israel has become so isolated internationally since 1973 that the United States is now her only reliable friend. This isolation is partly due to Arab oil power. It is also due to a spreading conviction that Israel has no moral right to occupy—as she has for nearly nine years now—extensive Arab territories seized in the Six-Day War or to deny to the Palestinians that right of self-determination which Israel justifiably claims for herself. So strong is this sentiment among Third World countries that they have almost solidly supported the Arabs in international forums, despite the heavy damage that oil-price rises have inflicted on many of them.

Perhaps the most ominous change from an Israeli standpoint is the increasingly effective insistence of the Palestinians on self-determination and on the almost universal acceptance of the PLO (Palestine Liberation Organization) as their legitimate representative. Three years ago Israel might have made a settlement with Jordan about the disposition of the West Bank and Jerusalem. Today, while Jordan may still play a

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Soldier and child along the occupied West Bank—"A spreading conviction that Israel has no moral right to occupy."

Jill Freedman: Keystone

significant part in a settlement, it is no longer able to act as principal spokesman of the Palestinians. A year ago it would have been possible to reconvene the Geneva Conference and commence negotiations of a general settlement without the representation of the PLO. But now the Soviet Union and Syria—a co-chairman and a prominent member of the conference—have formally taken the position that a conference cannot be convened if the PLO is *not* represented.

Finally, the tragic events in Lebanon during the past year not only have created a potentially significant "fourth front" facing Israel but also have demonstrated once again the instability and unpredictability of the Middle Eastern region in the absence of an Arab-Israeli settlement. It is hard to dispute the conclusion that no nation involved in this conflict has less to gain by the passage of time and more to gain by an early peace than Israel has.

II

Yet it would be a mistake to assume that because time works on the whole in favor of the Arabs, it necessarily works in favor of present Arab governments and leaders, including Arafat. History suggests that when acute confrontations between nations are long unresolved, moderate leaders on both sides tend to be discredited and superseded by radicals. This may be particularly the case in the Arab world, which is simultaneously undergoing a crisis of modernization, a crisis of development, and a crisis between the generations. No present government or leader would be sure of surviving the general disaster that another war, with ultramodern weapons and missiles targeted on cities, would entail.

It would be a grave miscalculation for Arab leaders, those on the "front line" or those supporting them from the rear, to be so intoxicated by their growing strength and their paper victories at the United Nations as to believe that concessions will not be required from them as well. Palestinian self-determination is an entirely legitimate and unexceptionable principle in the modern world. The same is true of Israeli self-determination. And no peaceful settlement, indeed no settlement at all, can be reached unless that fact is accepted. The PLO and all other organizations that aspire to speak for the Palestinians must explicitly join the neighboring Arab states in recognizing the sovereignty, independence, and territorial integrity of Israel. Until they do so, they cannot be considered as valid interlocutors or negotiators.

In order for peace to be possible, painful sacrifices must be taken and undeniable risks must be incurred by both sides. But the Israelis and the Palestinians, however, share the gravest risk of all—that to their national existence. They have that in common, and it should be a bond, not a barrier, between them.

Unfortunately, that common interest is not understood. The Palestinians feel they have been exiled for nearly 30 years and denied both a homeland and nationhood. The Israelis have deep apprehensions about a Palestinian state on the West Bank and Gaza, especially one dominated by the PLO. Though PLO representatives whisper offstage that they would be satisfied with such a solution, the formal goal of the organization continues to be a "secular" state in the whole of "Palestine," that is, the end of Israel as a Jewish nation. Both this announced goal and the PLO policy of guerrilla warfare or "terrorism" cause many Israelis to doubt that a Palestinian state under present leadership would be a safe, even a tolerable, neighbor.

No wonder that Israeli society, confronted by these agonizing dilemmas, is divided between "hawks" and "doves." No wonder that the Israeli government finds itself immobilized, politically inhibited from putting forward on its own the unpopular proposals which might produce a settlement, and condemned to watch the initiative repeatedly seized by others and foreign support of Israel constantly diminishing.

Yet if the conclusion reached in the opening section of this article is correct, if time works not for Israel but for her adversaries, if the future security of Israel is not being reinforced but is being undermined by the absence of a settlement, must not its government and people soon reconcile themselves to concessions without which a settlement will not be possible, painful as these may be and hazardous as they may seem? Statesmanship often consists in choosing the lesser of two evils.

Are there any reasonable grounds for believing that the deep-seated intractabilities on both sides can be overcome

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and that a settlement, serving the interests of both and ultimately acceptable to both, can be hammered out? What would be the nature of such a settlement, and how could it be negotiated? Could it be concluded by the Israelis and Palestinians alone, or would they need outside help? What are the interests of the United States in a settlement, and what might be its role in promoting one?

III

These were the questions addressed by a group of 16 distinguished Americans assembled by the Brookings Institution in Washington and meeting there during a period of six months last year. These Americans were all knowledgeable about the Arab-Israeli conflict, but they held diverse and sometimes contradictory views regarding it. Some had close associations with Israel, some with the Arab states, some with both.

Nevertheless, on the basis of their

The Syrian Menace

by Donald Kirk

Damascus

Through this ancient city, where Paul preached to the Jews after his conversion, there runs a long *souk*, or market. Here merchants sell almost anything from Ottoman-era weaponry to modern Chinese lacquerware and unhesitatingly praise Allah for the "liberal" policies of President Harez Al-Assad. "The Syrian people have much money," says one shopkeeper purveying exquisitely crafted backgammon sets and jewelry. "It's much better than before; you can ship, export, do everything in Damascus, and nobody is watching."

In fact, someone *is* watching: as many as half a dozen sometimes-competing intelligence agencies scrutinize the backgrounds and movements of anyone remotely suspicious or critical of the government. But the big difference between the old and the new Syria is that Assad has long since recognized the value of private enterprise in priming the nation's once-foundering economy. The result is that Syria, armed with more than a billion dollars' worth of loans and grants from its capitalist Arab friends, notably King Khalid of Saudi Arabia, is expanding trade with the West and can still obtain almost all the military equipment and advice it needs from the Soviet Union. And Damascus, traditionally the focal point of the most virulent anti-Israeli sentiment, has emerged with new strength and prestige as the most likely leader of the next phase of the Arab struggle to force Israel to come to terms.

But what terms? "I want all of the Golan and Sinai," says Assad, born into the impoverished Alawi Muslim minority in the northwestern region and elevated to prominence through the military academy and the air force. "I also want the recovery of all the rights of the Palestinian Arab people." Immoderate though such words may appear, Assad has demonstrated almost as carefully pragmatic an outlook in pursuing his aims against Israel as in reforming the economy. Indeed, it is because Assad, only 46 and with time on his side, appears more as a painstaking strategist and tactician than as a bombastic orator that Syria poses perhaps a greater long-term menace to Israel than ever before. The evidence lies not only in the sense of confidence apparent on the streets of Damascus but also in the interim results of the war in Lebanon—and in the often mysterious comings and goings of leaders of the hydra-headed Palestine Liberation Organization, headquartered here and in the Lebanese capital of Beirut.

"A new stage has begun in Lebanon," says Zuheir Mohsin, Syria's most important protégé in the PLO. "The American stage has begun to retreat, and the Arab stage has begun to replace it. Real independence will begin soon. The Arab-Lebanese state will arise anew. While during previous periods the Lebanese were shy to say they were part of Arab territory, from now on something new will be born." It is an intriguing political analysis—one that accurately summarizes Syria's success in grasping the political balance in Lebanon as a result of a cease-fire agreement enforced by Syrian-financed, Syrian-armed, Syrian-trained Palestine Liberation Army troops. The analysis is all the more significant in view of Mohsin's own dual role as head of the military department of the PLO and deputy chief of Saiqa, a PLO Fedayeen front whose name means "Thunderbolt"—and which operates for all intents and purposes as an arm of the Syrian regime.

Although Mohsin does not admit it, one substantive result of the fighting in Lebanon is that Saiqa may have finally surpassed PLO chairman Yasir Arafat's own Al Fateh front in money and power. Saiqa's Syrian-led army probably totals no more than 2,000 men, smaller than that of Fateh, but the Saiqa structure appears more sophisticated and better directed politically than any other PLO grouping. At a meeting in one of Saiqa's many clandestine offices here, Dr. Ghasi Hussain, a member of the front's political committee, unabashedly explains that Saiqa is "the child of the Syrian Baath Party," the organization through which Assad wields political authority. The Baath, having spawned Saiqa in 1967, envisions it as the conduit for spreading purely Baathist influence in Palestine after the defeat of the Israelis. Dr. Hussain, who studied international law at East Germany's Leipzig University, is frank in discussing this ultimate goal. "Fateh aims only at the liberation of Palestine," he says, "but we aim first for liberation and after liberation we aim that the Baath Party be in Palestine."

It is as open a revelation of the Syrian strategy as one is likely to glean here—one that confirms with almost understated clarity just how Syria would like to spread its writ over all of Israel, meaning Palestine, as well as Lebanon. Although PLO leaders, including Mohsin and Hussain, invariably proclaim the unity of the organization, the intensity of Syria's plan for complete domination emerges in isolated but highly illustrative incidents. While sitting in a small café in Beirut, I heard the words *Saiqa* and *Fateh* repeated in a conversation in Arabic between two men at a nearby table. When I asked the English-speaking manager what they were talking about, he ex-

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Donald Kirk, a correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, *recently returned from a two-month tour of the Middle East.*

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common conviction that a solution is of the utmost urgency and that the U.S. interest in a solution is very great indeed, they were able to reconcile most of their differences and agree on a series of significant conclusions. These were published by Brookings in December in a report entitled "Toward Peace in the Middle East." They may be briefly summarized as follows:

• The United States has a strong moral, political, and economic interest in a stable peace in the Middle East. Renewed hostilities would have far-reaching and perilous consequences that would threaten those interests.

• Unless the basic elements of the Arab-Israeli dispute are soon dealt with, rising tensions will generate increased risk of violence and renewed hostilities. It would be unsafe to leave the situation "frozen" for any prolonged period.

• Because no further interim step, such as the Sinai Agreement, now seems

plained that a couple of nights previously some members of Saiqa had knocked on the apartment door of a Fateh follower, had chased the man to the roof, and had severely beaten him. Several days earlier, on January 31, Saiqa toughs had invaded the offices of two leftist newspapers, killing seven persons, including a top editor, and wounding several more—among them Chafik Al Hout, a member of the PLO central committee and head of its Beirut office.

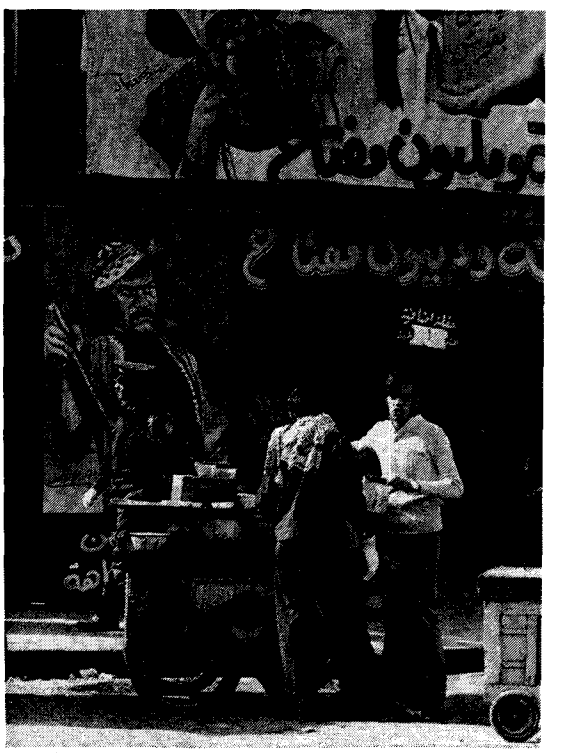
Although the PLO at an "emergency meeting" had promptly reached "unanimity among the leaders [of all member groups] on a wholesale denunciation and condemnation of this aggression," the raid on the newspapers pointed to yet another deep division in the ranks. Both of the papers were identified with the Iraqi wing of the Baath Party and, as such, were enemies of Syria, which has been engaged in a protracted quarrel with Iraq for regional leadership and influence in the PLO.

"I hope that Lebanon someday can become a part of Syria," says Mohsin, reflecting the basic Syrian view that the French colonialists should never have carved a separate country out of territory that once was all Syrian, "and we can make trouble for Iraq, too." In the meantime, Iraq and Lybia, among others, evince their hard-line opposition to negotiations with Israel on any terms by supporting four small but significant minority organizations known collectively as the "Rejectionist Front." Both Fateh and Saiqa, regardless of their own disagreements, have denounced terrorist actions engineered by the rejectionists, notably members of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine, led by Dr. George Habash.

Though Syria steadfastly avows that its aims are moderate, this stance may prove only an illusory phenomenon—a device for buying time while the country builds its own military and diplomatic strength (along with that of the PLO) to the point at which it can again seriously challenge Israel. One highly complicating factor is that the United States and Israel together have temporarily "neutralized" Egypt by means of the Sinai Agreement, under which Israel withdrew from along the Suez canal and returned portions of the Sinai, including oil fields. The results, in terms of Syrian and PLO militancy, have been rather ambivalent. Syria has emerged indisputably as the PLO's closest, most valuable ally, with no real competition from Egypt. What's more, Syria has the chance now to gain the prominence in the Arab world that it has always craved as Israel's most formidable, consistently activist foe. The fact that Egypt's President Anwar Sadat, engaged in his own program of economic reform and political "liberalization," has attacked Assad in interviews may have done more to enhance rather than to tear down Syrian prestige.

In one interview, for instance, Sadat assailed Syria for having been "directly influential" in Lebanon and for having exercised "tutelage over the PLO"—remarks that should have flattered rather than insulted the Syrians. "The Palestinians have no will in this campaign," Sadat rambled on in a conversation with the editor of the Beirut weekly *Al Hawadess*; "the Palestinians are directed and not masters of themselves." Despite an eagerness to "lead" at least half the Arab world, however, Assad cannot risk war against Israel without Egyptian forces ready to divert the Israelis in the Sinai. Both Syrian and PLO leaders in their own remarks accuse Egypt of "betrayal" and concede their frustration, their inability at this stage to wage much more than guerrilla and propaganda campaigns, the latter most strikingly in the United Nations.

Assad, once more, has a problem *within*: there are persistent rumors of undying radical opposition and one report, in January, of the arrest of scores of Communist opponents. Even if Assad wished, he might not be able to relax his crusade against Israel without inviting a leftist coup. Already rigid Baathists, very privately, accuse Assad of "betraying the revolution" by encouraging free trade, and no one doubts that corruption is rampant among newly rich bureaucrats and merchants. Amid such "social and political bitterness," said one of the few Syrian critics willing to talk to me even off the record, "no government can last forever." For Israel, the departure of this seemingly implacable "strong man" might give rise to a regime even more dedicated to war—and capable finally of molding disparate elements that now may be more threatening in theory than in actuality. □



Jean Gaumy: Gamma/Liaison

Private enterprise in Damascus—"Priming a once-foundering economy."

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Gilles Caron: Gamma/Liaison

Israeli tank maneuvers—"Peace will require painful sacrifices and undeniable risks."

likely, the time has come to begin the process of negotiating a comprehensive settlement, either at a general conference or at informal multilateral meetings.

• Because the governments directly concerned are unlikely to be able to reach agreement alone, initiative, impetus, and inducement may have to come from outside. Because the United States enjoys a measure of confidence on both sides, it is the great power best fitted to assist, but only to the degree that Soviet willingness to play a constructive role will permit. The United States should work with the Soviet Union to this end.

The report also concluded that a fair and enduring settlement should contain at least the following elements as an integrated package:

• Commitment by all the parties to respect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of the others and to refrain from the threat or use of force against them.

• Implementation of the settlement in stages over a period of years, each stage being undertaken only when the agreed-upon provisions of the previous stage have been faithfully implemented.

• An undertaking by the Arab parties to end hostile actions against Israel—armed incursions, blockades, boycotts, and so on—and to move promptly toward development of normal international relations.

• Withdrawal by Israel in stages to the lines determined on June 5, 1967, with only such modifications as are mutually accepted, the new boundaries to be safeguarded by demilitarized zones supervised by U.N. forces.

• Provision for Palestinian self-determination subject to Palestinian acceptance of the sovereignty and integrity of Israel. The report suggested that Palestinian self-determination might take the form of either an independent Palestine state or a Palestinian entity voluntarily federated with Jordan but exercising extensive political autonomy.

• The report suggested no single solution to the extremely difficult problem of Jerusalem but did recommend that any solution meet the following criteria: (1) unimpeded access to all the holy places, each to be under the custodianship of its own faith; (2) no barriers dividing the city or obstructing free circulation throughout it; (3) substantial political autonomy for each national group within the area where it predominates. The report pointed out that all these criteria could in principle be met in a city either under Israeli sovereign jurisdiction, under sovereign control divided between Israel and an Arab state, or under either of these with an international authority administering a given area, such as the old walled city.

• Finally, the report concluded not only that the U.N. Security Council should endorse the peace agreements and take whatever supporting action the agreements provide for, but also that there may be need for unilateral or multilateral guarantees by outside powers to some or all of the parties.

The signers of this report, of whom the author of this article was one, considered that the above recommendations offer both the basis for a just and stable settlement and the most effective means for arriving at such a settlement.

Seating the PLO delegate—"Paper victories at the United Nations."

Brian Alpert: Keystone

IV

Since the report was issued in December three significant events have occurred.

First, there was the U.N. Security Council debate, which was initiated by Syria, participated in by the PLO with the assent of the council majority, and therefore boycotted by Israel. As antici-

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"If this musical runs long enough to generate word of mouth, the word is likely to be 'blah.'"

Photo: Kenn Duncan

"It is not clear how the notion entered the producers' heads that the saga of Joan of Arc had the makings of a musical comedy. At that crazed moment, they should have consulted an exorcist."

Consumerism in the arts; or, theater-going made safe.

Over the years, TIME has become famous for the independence of its critical eye. And for its ability to administer a good, sound spanking when it seemed appropriate.

Indeed, TIME's film and theater criticism is characteristically so brimful of personal enthusiasm, both pro and con, that people tell us they have gone to see bad plays precisely because TIME condemned them so interestingly.

You know what TIME does. And reading it every week reminds you how well.

TIME

The Weekly Newsmagazine

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There is a way for you to come to the immediate aid of homeless Guatemalans

A fund-raising effort on behalf of victims of the devastating earthquake has been formed by the Center for Inter-American Relations in cooperation with the Council of The Americas and the Pan American Development Foundation.

Tax-deductible contributions received by the Center will be used to build new housing for those who have lost homes through earthquake damage.

Donors to the relief fund are asked to make checks out to:

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Center for
Inter-American Relations
680 Park Avenue
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Donors providing their names and addresses will receive acknowledgments and subsequent notices of the accomplishments of the fund. The Center will not be able to accept donations of clothing or equipment.

The need is urgent.

Center for Inter-American Relations
Directors include: Emilio G. Collado, Andrew Heiskell, Sol M. Linowitz, George Meany, David Rockefeller, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, Arthur R. Taylor.

pated, a resolution was submitted which, while revised somewhat to win the votes of European members, was still so one-sided that the United States vetoed it. Therefore, the debate did not advance the process of settlement. The draft resolution, while defeated, was nevertheless significant. The principal U.S. objection was that it modified, unfavorably to Israel, the delicate balance established in the basic peacemaking resolution of November 22, 1967, which had been accepted by all the parties except the Palestinians.

Of course, the political status of the Palestinians has fundamentally changed since 1967. In the earlier resolution they were referred to only as "refugees," which indeed was all that even the Arab states claimed them to be at that time. The vetoed resolution stated flatly that "the Palestinian people should be enabled to exercise its inalienable national right of self-determination including the right to establish an independent state in Palestine." The resolution, moreover, described the PLO as "representatives of the Palestinian people," though it did not say that they are the *only* representatives of that people.

On the other hand, to reassure Israel and her friends, the resolution also contained a clause calling for arrangements "to guarantee . . . the sovereignty, territorial integrity, and political independence within secure and recognized boundaries of all states in the area." It is interesting to reflect that if the resolution had been adopted, the PLO, which was prepared to endorse it in order to claim its advantages, would have been obliged by doing so to recognize the sovereignty and independence of Israel.

The second significant event of recent weeks is the startling increase of Syrian influence in Lebanon as a result of Syria's successful intervention to bring the fighting there to an end. Although the fighting could easily resume, both the Muslim majority of Lebanese and the PLO there will henceforth look to Syria as their protector. Syria's position in the Arab world and its influence in deciding the process and nature of an Arab-Israeli settlement are thereby considerably strengthened.

The third significant event was the visit of Prime Minister Rabin to Washington early in February. On the surface this did not differ from earlier high-level Israeli visits. It was cordial, and Rabin no doubt received more or less satisfactory assurances about levels of U.S. aid. There can be little doubt, however, that Rabin was strongly urged by his hosts to join in finding some means, acceptable necessarily to the Arabs, of relaunching the negotiating process.

The fact is that the U.S. government for the most part shares the assessment of the current situation presented in the Brookings Report and in the opening section of this article—that is, that a prolonged stalemate in negotiations will certainly increase tensions and violence and may lead to renewed hostilities. Our government also believes that U.S. as well as Israeli interests would be gravely threatened by such hostilities, that no interim steps toward settlement seem promising now, and that means must therefore be promptly found of commencing the negotiation of a comprehensive settlement.

This is very probably what Mr. Rabin was told in Washington. But even with the best will in the world, obstacles to a general conference have arisen because the project has been too long delayed. How are these obstacles to be overcome?

V

If, at a conference, representation of the Palestinians by the PLO or by others is the real sticking point, and not a mere pretext for delay on one or both sides, there are several formulas by which it might be overcome.

The invitation to the conference issued by the co-chairmen might be so phrased that both Israel and the PLO, without having to say so explicitly, would implicitly recognize each other by their acceptance of the invitation. This might be sufficient for the PLO, but would it be for Israel? Such acceptance might be supplemented by an explicit PLO statement that they would have accepted the vetoed Security Council resolution—which contained the above-quoted clause concerning guarantees of the sovereignty and independence "of all states in the area."

Alternatively it might be agreed, after quiet preliminary discussions, that both parties would attend a conference *without* recognizing each other, and that mutual recognition would await a successful outcome of the conference. If that did not happen, there would be no recognition. Israel might not be satisfied with this expedient, but it has ample precedent. The United States negotiated for years with the People's Republic of China—at Geneva, Warsaw, and elsewhere—without either of them recogniz-

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ing the other. More recently, the United States and North Vietnam, which were in fact at war, negotiated at great length in Paris. De Gaulle negotiated with the Algerian FLN without recognizing them until an agreement was concluded.

On the other hand, it is conceivable that the PLO could be represented during the early stages of a conference by participating as members of another Arab delegation. If this arrangement were wholly unacceptable to the organization, it might nevertheless agree to take part in a broader "Palestinian" delegation, including representatives from the West Bank and Gaza and from Palestinians in other Arab countries. Certainly Jordan, as the legal sovereign of the West Bank, would have a significant representational role to play in this respect.

The point is that if both sides could be persuaded that the urgency of the danger and the hazards of delay so jeopardize their own interests that comprehensive negotiations *must* be commenced, there are a variety of devices at their disposal for overcoming procedural difficulties. The substantive difficulties should be left to the conference itself to negotiate and decide.

Israeli governments have been insisting for years that if only the Arabs would sit down with them face to face and negotiate, they for their part would pose no prior conditions and would show flexibility and generosity in the negotiations. For years the Arabs replied that to negotiate face to face with the Israelis would be to recognize them, would thus be to throw away a trump card before receiving anything in return, and was hence unacceptable. Yet now the Arabs, including the Palestinians, are prepared to do what the Israelis have so long demanded —to sit down with them face to face at a conference to negotiate a settlement.

It would be a tragedy of the first order if this opportunity were lost. The situation in the Middle East will not be more propitious for peace a year from now when a new American administration takes office. It may be much worse, not only for one side but also for both. A general conference would almost certainly not be able to conclude a comprehensive peace settlement in one year's time. Yet the fact that it was meeting and working in good faith, even perhaps making some significant progress, would cool the hotheads, strengthen the moderates, and give hope to all concerned. It might be the decisive factor in preventing another war. □

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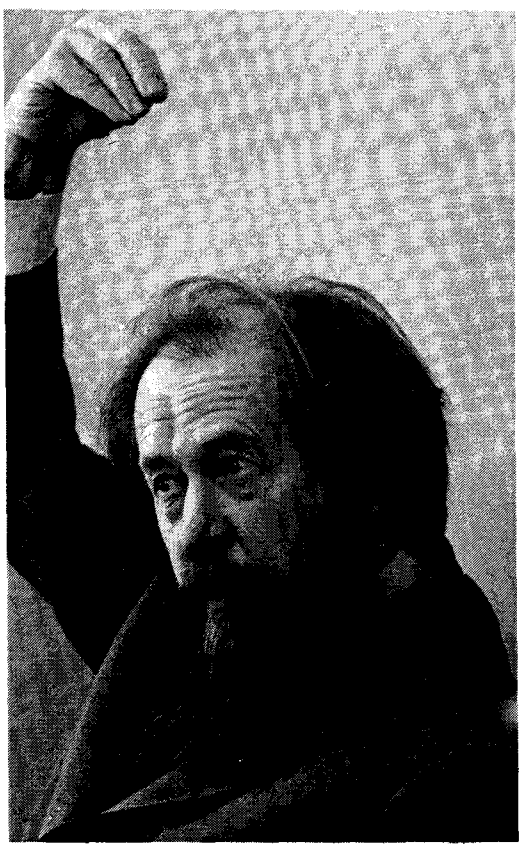
SR Books

Nearing the Finland Station

Lenin in Zurich
by Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Translated by H. T. Willetts
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 309 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by George Feifer

The appearance of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* 13 years ago sent Russians sprinting from one sold-out kiosk to the next. They set aside everything for frantic searches for the book, put themselves down on lists to receive copies passed along by friends. At last their turn came—and they wept. The hundred-odd pages "exposed" little about labor camps and less about the giant system they belong to. Few learned what they had not known, or had not somewhere suspected. Yet the slim tale provoked as much horror, shame, grief, and guilt as if a sudden revelation had been made.



Liaison
Solzhenitsyn—"A latter-day Lenin"?

Again and again Russians—even some who had returned dry-eyed from camps worse than Denisovich's—told me that *One Day* pulled the tears out of them and forced the terrible truth in. This might be explained in terms of relief and new hope, or of the Russian tradition of redemption through confession. But without the book's emotional power—which stimulated a political reaction, although it was not directly expressed—none of this would have happened. And the emotional effect was caused by literary excellence. In terms of national consciousness, only art made Russia's suffering real.

Whatever *Lenin in Zurich* reveals about "events which determined the course of the twentieth century"—as Solzhenitsyn puts it, with his characteristic certainty that Russia's fate and his are central to mankind's destiny—it will have none of the same impact. In the long run, in fact, Solzhenitsyn's latest book may have an effect opposite to the one he surely intended. Rightly or wrongly, the Russian intelligentsia receives its major political messages in literary packages, and although the subject of this collection of chapters is potentially as important as that of *Gulag Archipelago*, it rarely grips the senses.

In its present form, at least, it is simply not well enough written. But the present form is far from the final one: *Lenin in Zurich* will be part of Solzhenitsyn's vast trilogy about Russia's collapse during World War I and its further corruption by revolution. The first part of the book is an omitted chapter of *August 1914*; later sections belong to the forthcoming *October 1916* and *March 1917*. Much of the work for all three "knots" was done in Russia before Solzhenitsyn's exile, but "unexpectedly finding myself in Zurich," as he explains, he found "much important additional material," and "there seemed to be some point" in publishing the enlarged chapters as a separate book. What point? I wonder. Surely not a literary one, in view of Solzhenitsyn's devotion to the "polyphonic" novel of many voices—characters in their separate settings—contributing to an otherwise distorted whole. The panoramic trilogy would have seemed to put special importance on the interrelationship and interdependence of small and great figures. Perhaps Solzhenitsyn was in a hurry to publish his first work since his vile expulsion from Russia, but politics is the most likely reason: this volume is intended as another blow at Soviet rule. But while the Soviet rulers will indeed be infuriated, Russians in general may not be willing to learn much from it, for reasons I've suggested.

Aspects of the book are admirable. A better translation than of most of Solzhenitsyn's furiously rushed earlier books, it conveys more of his sharpness as a maker of phrases and images—a shooter of words, when he is angry, like multiple katyusha rockets. The subject itself speaks of Solzhenitsyn's breadth and boldness. Lenin was in Zurich after the collapse of the 1905 revolution and the reaction that followed it. Then came the failure of the ghastly world war—which the "suspicious, shrewd, derisory" man with the "crooked little grin" welcomed with joy and glee—to transform itself, through proletarian disgust, into civil war. Even weighty biographies of Lenin have made little of this period, except to emphasize his discouragement, which was great enough to make him consider leaving for America (where Trotsky was). But the imaginative Solzhenitsyn uses confrontations with other revolutionaries, especially the spellbinding rags-to-immense-riches Parvus, to convey the personality of his protagonist in ways that would not occur to academics.

THIS PORTRAIT of Lenin is of a man alternating between the supreme arrogance of conviction that he is history's agent and the confusion of a beaten conspirator—occasionally he comes close to being a petty gangster, covering his tracks and scheming to incriminate others—faced by undesirable choices of policies and allies. Socialists who differ from him are "bourgeois scum," "filthy scoundrels," "mean sneaking creatures," "centrist swine." Fiercely jealous and con-

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George Feifer, co-author of a 1972 biography of Solzhenitsyn, is author of the forthcoming novel Moscow Farewell.

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temptuous of all not following the course he has plotted, he is also sleepless and nervous to the point of collapse, with a black hole and/or a fungus eating at his head. His tactical genius is unmistakable, especially in the fierce determination to split, split, *split* with associates to seize the advantage, then threaten them from the left, calling everyone more moderate a "traitor." Yet he has no underground organization whatever in Russia, and the humiliation of this is matched by personal failings: he is so far from being a man of action that he sometimes fears the success of his beloved revolution—lest, as in 1905, he be lost in it.

Readers who might doubt the accuracy of Lenin's language are referred, by an author's note, to sources Solzhenitsyn used. His facts as a whole may indeed be sound, and, more than this, his novelist's perception has given new insights into Lenin's frequent petty-mindedness and bile. The trouble is that it does not work as literature. Portraits of unsympathetic heroes need not be dull, especially in Russian fiction, including *Cancer Ward*. But Solzhenitsyn's Lenin never interested, let alone moved, me. Although the episodes here are potentially more relevant and exciting to a Western reader than those of *August 1914*, the book's curious flatness continues, as though Solzhenitsyn cared much more for historical than for artistic truth.

The presentation of the issues may also be historically correct, but it is equally lifeless. Long discussions of revolutionary tactics plod on, just as battle plans did in *August 1914*, and even when one knows some of the political figures and cliques referred to, the protagonists' thoughts and conversations seem detached from their lives. Yes, Lenin did believe revolution was impossible in one country. Perhaps he did think wearily, as Solzhenitsyn has him do, that, "One man was not strong enough to fight all the rest." Good dramatic stuff; yet somehow one doesn't care.

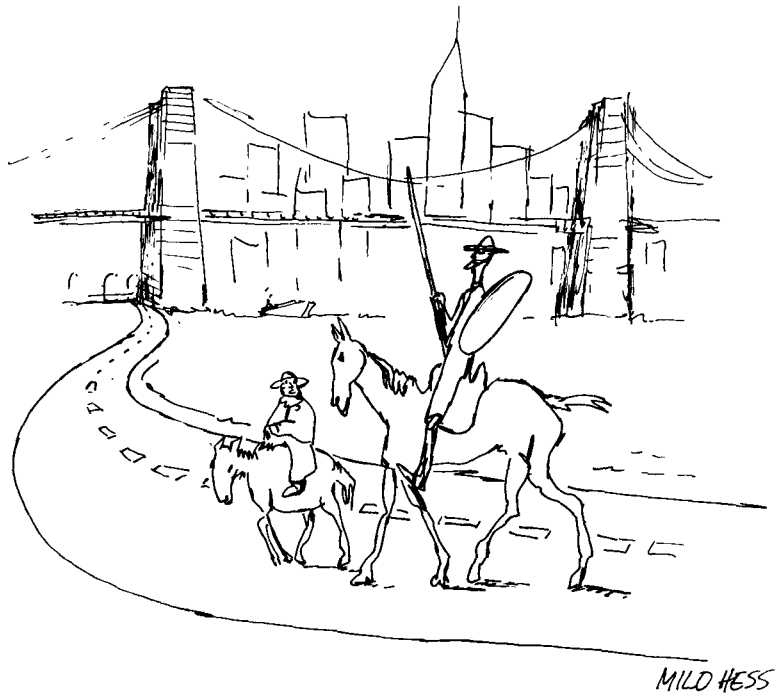
Until the completed trilogy shows the place of Lenin in Solzhenitsyn's vision of Russia's fall, this book will prompt as much speculation about the two men's contrasts and similarities as about anything else. Solzhenitsyn's Lenin discarded friends and allies instantly whenever he felt they no longer served the cause. He never forgave a mistake, tried to hide everything that might seem a weakness, saw potential adversaries everywhere. "He was forever discovering enemies in secondary sectors which might at present look quite unimportant; but no front was ever unimportant—at some future time these secondary fronts might be decisive." Lenin was also driven to frenzy by the waste of even five minutes; although he somewhere yearned to be relieved of the burden so he could lead an ordinary, or even romantic, life, time had to be used for what he was called on to perform. At the same time, he was a prey to petty vexations that robbed him of concentration.

THESE LATTER QUALITIES might have come from a portrait of Solzhenitsyn himself, who had no time to sightsee in Paris on his first trip there at nearly 60, rather as Lenin feared to be distracted by the music of Beethoven. And even while writing this massive work in Russia—simultaneously taking on the entire Soviet state almost single-handedly—Solzhenitsyn managed to leap with furious demands on the American publishers who visited him. No doubt his "awesome powers of negotiation," as one put it, were not used to haggle over money for its own sake, but, in a Lenin-like way, to establish dominance over allies from the beginning. I might have hesitated to suggest these parallels, but a distinguished Russian scholar has recently written of evidence to support the suspicion that parts of *Lenin in Zurich* are a self-portrait by the author. In their orderliness, ascetic tendencies, and compulsive working habits, both men are distinctly un-Russian:

> Why was he born in that uncouth country? Just because a quarter of his blood was Russian, fate had hitched him to the ramshackle Russian rattletrap, . . . but nothing in his character, his will, his inclinations made him kin to that slovenly, slapdash, eternally drunken country. Lenin knew of nothing more revolting than back-slapping Russian hearties, tearful tavern penitents, self-styled geniuses bewailing their ruined lives. Lenin was a bow string, or an arrow from the bow.

In this, too, Solzhenitsyn is a latter-day Lenin. The two fit a larger pattern of Russians driven to change their thriftless, weak-willed countrymen: to overcome all obstacles from above and below and to make the masses better and happier than they are. Provincial Russians both, with messianism in place of cosmopolitan tolerance, and an urge to criticize *everyone* about *everything* (including much they understand imperfectly), they rely on the vision of faith to establish a new order, with derision for bourgeois building materials such as *The Federalist Papers*. It is a commonplace that political opponents often acquire some of the qualities of those they oppose; but it is also true that they have breathed the same atmosphere to begin with.

Solzhenitsyn's attitude toward Lenin has changed drastically, but in some ways remains the same. At 26, when his mission was to serve Marxism-Leninism in some exalted way, he revered Bolshevism's founder. But *Gulag* scorns the notion that Stalin perverted the Soviet system; by this time Solzhenitsyn real-



"Tell me again how we're going to fight city hall."

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ized that Lenin both laid the theoretical groundwork for terror and also made the first practical applications of it. Although personal and political traits exposed in *Lenin in Zurich* are of a potentially ruthless dictator, the book was no doubt a comfort to Solzhenitsyn. Nothing looked less likely to his Lenin in 1917 than triumph. Word of the February revolution came to him while he was in his shabby room, cutting the boiled beef of his supper "crosswise, to get lean and fat together." He was thinking not of history but of Inessa Armand's inexplicable estrangement from him. (Solzhenitsyn's portrait of the second woman in Lenin's life will outrage the Central Committee, but it seems historically accurate and artistically justified.) Having branded Russians the most "submissive and foolish" people on earth, Lenin now ridiculed the news that they were revolting.

Yet home he went, on the famous sealed train through Germany. (Unlike some anti-Soviet historians, Solzhenitsyn does not suggest that Lenin served as the Kaiser's agent, but that he used the Germans at least as cleverly as they used him.) The rest *was* something like the history he had been predicting, instead of a wasted life of archival study, empty "theses" and summonses to action, and pitiful sectarian squabbles. The possibility of Solzhenitsyn's return is neither more nor less remote, and his associates say he is absolutely convinced he, too, is destined for it. If so, it will only be in greatly changed circumstances, when he can play an important part in the country's future.

Contemplating this, one is relieved by Solzhenitsyn's dissimilarities from Lenin. He is not a professional politician who will use any subterfuge to gain an obsessive end, praising deceit and treachery as "revolutionary flexibility." He hates war, is much less contemptuous of democracy, and although his strong views and personal high-handedness sometimes serve to split opposition-minded Russians at home and in emigration, he preaches national reconciliation, not class war and splits. Above all, he has the experience of Leninism and Stalinism, which he has done more than anyone to expose, to keep him from its aims and methods. However close he is to Lenin temperamentally, he has acquired far greater wisdom and tolerance. One unstated theme of *Lenin in Zurich* is one generation's titan learning from the previous one's. □

"Better We Lose Than Misgovern"

Adlai Stevenson of Illinois
by John Bartlow Martin
Doubleday, 828 pp., $15

The Papers of Adlai Stevenson, Vol. VI: Toward a New America, 1955–1957
Edited by Walter Johnson
Little, Brown, 592 pp., $20

Reviewed by Joseph P. Lash

Adlai Stevenson flashed onto the national scene at the same time that McCarthyism swept the country. Unlike Dwight Eisenhower or the young John Kennedy, he never compromised with that madness, and he voiced his contempt of it with such clarity and sparkle that he became the spokesman for American decency. Most of his adult life—he was 65 when he died—was spent in the public service, but he never used public office to enrich himself. In a period of vast government expenditure and subsidization of our business system, not to mention Watergate, we can better appreciate how rare that was.

Although Stevenson grew up in the same mid-America that produced Colonel McCormick and the *Chicago Tribune*, he was a courageous internationalist who in the pre-war years fought the battle against isolationism, and in the post-war era recognized that power carries responsibilities. He early understood that these responsibilities were best exercised through the United Nations and that America must come to terms with the Third World's rising expectations. He never achieved the Presidency, nor was he appointed Secretary of State, as he should have been, but with his felicity of phrasing, his wit and courtesy, he elevated our public discourse and reminded us again of what we always should have known (since as a nation we were founded by such men): the importance of having reflective, articulate rulers at the center of our public life.

He deserves a biography that would do for him what Robert Sherwood did for Roosevelt and Arthur Schlesinger for Kennedy. John Martin's book is not such a biography. I say this sadly, for in today's barren political landscape we need to be reminded that a civilized, thoughtful man who insists on discussing issues in all their complexity can command a national audience. In the 1952 election (which is where this book ends) Stevenson's popular vote was 27 million to Eisenhower's 34 million. That vote showed once again that a large part of the public, given leadership, is capable of great-hearted and generous responses. After Stevenson's final speech in that campaign, the crowd in the Chicago Stadium, writes Martin, "took the roof off the place," and even more unexpectedly, "the press rose and applauded him."

Today as voters routinely examine one worthy Presidential aspirant after the other, how they long for that shiver of discovery that was theirs when they heard this rare politician exclaim: "Better we lose the election than mislead the people; and better we lose than misgovern the people."

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Adlai Stevenson—"His wit and courtesy elevated our public discourse."

—sensationally so: Stevenson's family, friends, and co-workers appear to have held back little; not only that, but the author himself was one of the group of gifted speechwriters who rallied to Stevenson in 1952 and who often accompanied him on his campaign trips. Yet Martin does not dig deep enough, and the attention devoted to public and private life is wrongly apportioned.

We are surprised to learn, for example, that Stevenson flunked out of Harvard Law School, after having made it through Princeton on a gentleman's grades. How did this young clubman become the inspired advocate of all that was finest in American life? That question was one of several guiding Walter

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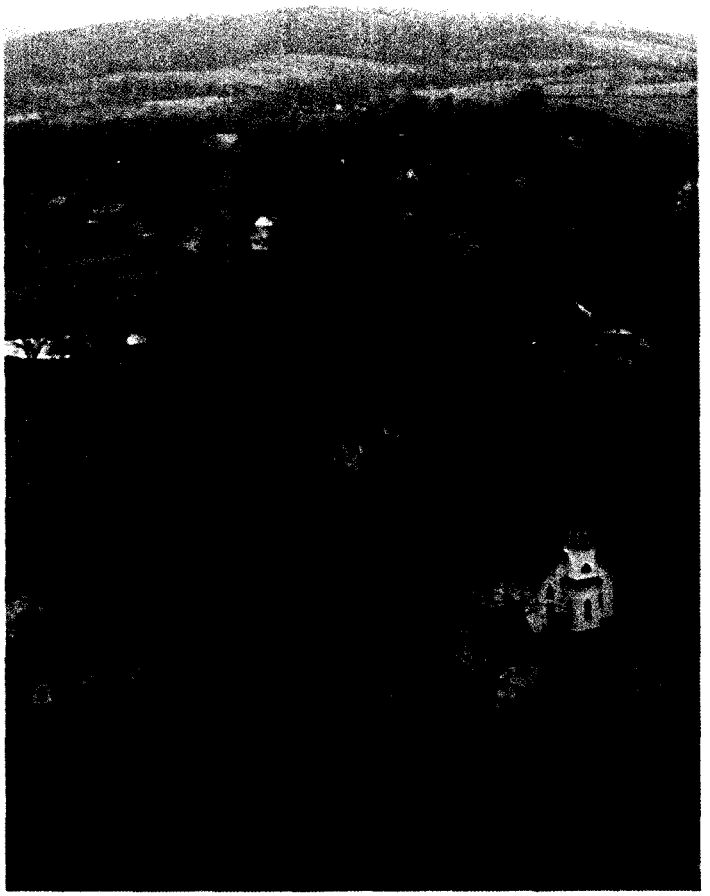

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Johnson in the selection of documents published in *The Papers of Adlai Stevenson*. It should have been highlighted in the biography. A biographer has a responsibility to include all significant material. If, however, a biographer's principles of selectivity are awry, his subject may be falsely inflated, as is the case with most campaign biographies, or diminished, as is the case here. Stevenson has simply drowned among the mass of material that includes too much detail about his domestic troubles.

As for not digging deep enough, a case in point is Martin's analysis of Stevenson's early attitudes toward Negroes and Jews. Martin deals with the subject candidly. Stevenson in his early years was paternalistic about blacks, whom he had been brought up to regard as "faithful family retainers." He was uncomfortable with Jews. They were getting "too prominent," he wrote his mother in early New Deal days. In extenuation Martin notes that Eleanor Roosevelt in her early years also was patronizing about Negroes and mildly anti-Semitic—and that Stevenson, like Mrs. Roosevelt, outgrew his prejudiced upbringing and became a stalwart champion of the civil rights of Jews and Negroes.

That is true, but there was a difference between Mrs. Roosevelt and Stevenson. Mrs. Roosevelt *worked* to overcome her prejudices. No one was ever more relentless in her efforts to understand the sensitivities of her Jewish and Negro friends and colleagues so that she would know what she might do to make them feel more secure. When she espoused civil-rights programs, it was a matter not of politics (although her husband and later Adlai Stevenson did benefit politically) but of conviction. Because of her laboriously won understanding of the viewpoint of the outsider, which of course every minority feels itself to be, she never resented the pressure of the ethnic minorities associated with the Democratic Party. Stevenson did. His understanding of civil rights was cerebral and a case of political necessity.

HERE MAY HAVE BEEN the root of Stevenson's difficulties as a political leader. Adlai III, Senator Stevenson, who sees his father with affectionate objectivity, told Martin that he thought his father would have been an even greater governor of Illinois if he had worked his way up the political ladder. If he had learned how to get along with politicians, he might have used the governor's power to effect basic changes in the state government. An old friend of Stevenson's (Martin does not identify him) put this observation in a larger framework: "He could inspire people. But I remember a line from Lord Acton: 'I don't hate humanity. I just don't know them personally.'" Eleanor Roosevelt once urged Stevenson to get a jalopy, put on old clothes, and travel around the country as anonymously as possible, talking to gas-station attendants, people in diners, in the slums, so that he would get a gut feeling for their aspirations and problems. He never found the time to follow her advice.

Not that such knowledge would have appreciably affected the 1952 results. Eisenhower was unbeatable. He was a war hero; moreover, the country wanted a change after 20 years of Democratic rule. Martin's book rises to a crescendo with his fast-moving chapters on the way the nomination (which Stevenson did not want) came to him, and on the subsequent campaign, which despite its heartbreak Stevenson called "one of his most glorious experiences." "Our number was up," wrote Schlesinger, one of Stevenson's closest aides, "and very little we could have done would have altered the outcome. But . . . the Governor did establish himself as a great national leader—gallant and honorable and dedicated."

Martin is particularly sure-footed in the political sections. They are filled with vivid vignettes. An illuminating one describes a scene in mid-September 1952. Stevenson had returned to Springfield from his first Western campaign trip. He called together his campaign managers and speech writers. (They were, incidentally, as brainy a group of young men as any political candidate ever brought with him into public life.) "We haven't said a damn thing about the cost of government, efficiency, economy, anti-socialism, anti-concentration of power in Washington," he told them. "The impression is that we are moving more and more to the left. Now I want some good hard licks on the conservative side. I don't want to be euchred out of that position. We mustn't let them preempt the position of fiscal responsibility."

So the new breed of Democratic governors who today push for fiscal austerity have respectable antecedents. But will the facts of unemployment and industrial

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Joseph P. Lash is the author of Eleanor and Franklin *and the forthcoming* Roosevelt and Churchill.

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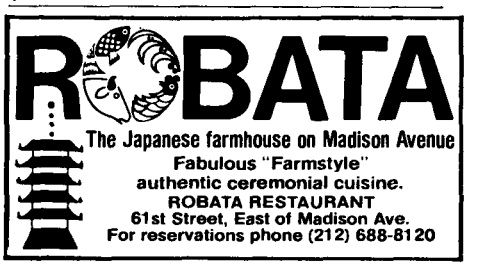

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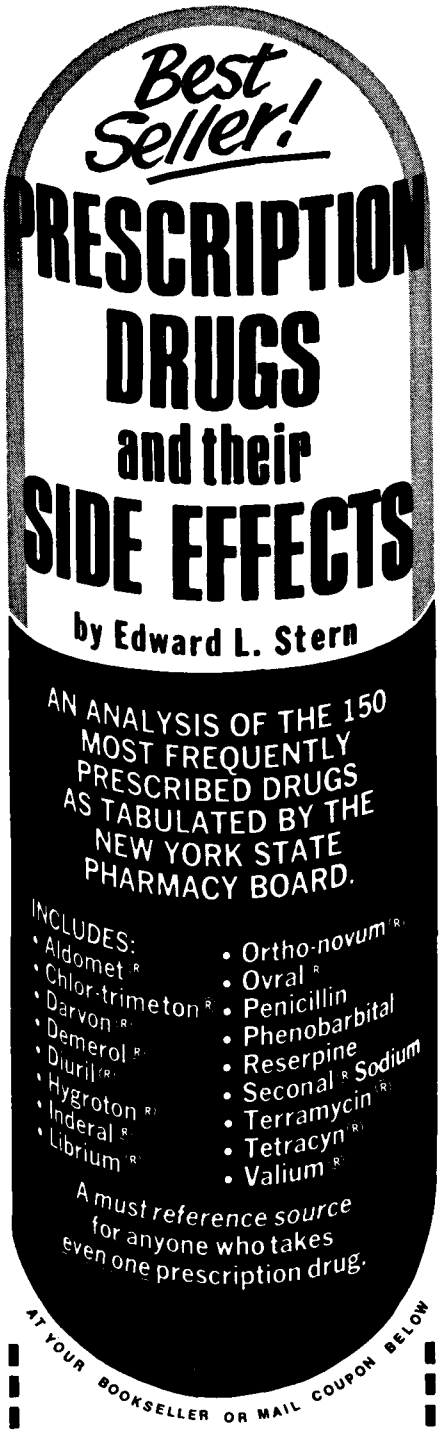
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MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

slack give them much room for maneuver? Roosevelt in 1932 pledged to reduce government spending and balance the government budget, but realism and compassion compelled him to give those objectives a lower priority than putting men and machines back to work. Stevenson's answer would have been the same if he had been elected in 1952. The first wish in his closing litany in that campaign of what he wanted for America was: "I have seen an America where all of the signs read 'Men at Work.' "

There is a good deal in Martin's book about Stevenson's relationships with women. Undoubtedly much attention will be paid to it. Some of it is relevant to our understanding of Stevenson the public man. He was often charged during the McCarthy period with softness toward communism, indecisiveness, even homosexuality—all suggesting a lack of manliness—but actually he was a gentleman who loved and was loved by many women. At one point, while his wife was divorcing him, he was busy running the state of Illinois, making strenuous efforts to avoid being tapped for the Presidency, and trysting simultaneously with Alicia Patterson, publisher of *Newsday*, and with Dorothy Fosdick, a member of the State Department's Policy Planning Staff. "Stevenson was unusually attractive to women all his life," writes Martin, "and they attracted him. The ones who became close to him—and many more who tried—were nearly all bright, pretty, and rich, and several of them had newspaper connections. They were, most of them, also strong-willed, as his mother and sister had been."

The list of Stevenson's women, which includes Ruth Field and Marietta Tree in the later years, will inevitably be compared with the names recently published by *Time* of the many actresses who beguiled John Kennedy. Women were more than sex objects to Stevenson. He had no need to show he was a man by his love life—or by his politics. The women who charmed him were women of taste and cultivation. He rode, hunted, and played tennis with them. He amused them with his gay sallies, brilliant talk, self-deprecating wit. He loved to be mothered by them. But he also paid them the highest compliment of taking their views—astringently liberal in most cases—seriously. "His most private letters to women," writes Martin, "are likely to contain his frankest views on public men and public issues—he confided more fully in women than in men."

The public figure one is reminded of is Henry Asquith, Liberal Prime Minister of England from 1908 to 1916, whose mastery over Parliament and public was a matter of intellect and lucidity, but who in the midst of a War Cabinet meeting would dash off a note to Venetia Stanley in which wry observations on the government's most closely held secrets became the discourse of love. Martin notes that, "All his life Adlai Stevenson had a fondness for and admired British aristocracy, British history, British traditions." He would have been at home on the British political scene, which is more hospitable than the American to wit, intellect, good manners. He was a sport in contemporary American politics, one of the most unusual men to have emerged from its vulgar hurly-burly.

For those who desire to go on with the Stevenson story before Martin's second volume appears next year, Volume VI of *The Papers of Adlai Stevenson*, which covers the 1956 campaign, makes absorbing reading. Few Presidents—even less, defeated candidates for the Presidency—have had their papers and letters given such handsome treatment. It is well deserved. Almost every document in this collection contains some flash of discernment, some quip. Writing to Dean Acheson in December 1956, after what he called "the last-minute stampede *to* Eisenhower for security—*from* Eisenhower's policies in the Middle East," Stevenson drew a lesson to which the 1976 flock of candidates might well pay heed:

> I came out of this campaign more than ever convinced that it is all but impossible to make issues during the campaign. They have to be made first, and the campaign is at best an effort to persuade the voters that one alternative is better than another for their solution. In view of the classic circumstances, it seems a little incredible that at the end of this campaign the people should have flocked in panic for security to an administration which had fathered more, and worse, foreign policy mistakes than any predecessor in a long while. □

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by Robert Ardrey
Atheneum, 242 pp., $10

Reviewed by Edward O. Wilson

By original calling, Robert Ardrey is a dramatist, and he has a gift for riveting one's attention to any subject he considers important to his case. Chimpanzees, he tells us in his latest book, have a strong tendency to defend themselves from large predators by brandishing and hurling stones and other missiles. This behavior once led to a diplomatic incident at the London Zoo:

> The visitor was the head of an African state who habitually appeared in full dress uniform. Warned of his approach, the keepers panicked. I don't know whether their prize chimpanzee was a racist or whether he simply disliked medals, but they cleaned his cage of carrots and all other loose objects. When the visitor appeared to admire him, the chimp took one look, made a round of his cage, found nothing throwable, and quickly squeezed out some feces and let go with unpardonable accuracy.

Yes, Ardrey is back, and even his most scandalized critics will once again find it hard to resist reading him. By sheer wit, audacity, and timing he will entertain a large audience.

The Hunting Hypothesis is also a book to be taken seriously. It is Ardrey's latest updating of the field of paleoanthropology for laymen; the themes of his previous books (*African Genesis*, 1961; *The Territorial Imperative*, 1966; *The Social Contract*, 1970) are revisited, and the whole is strengthened by the rich new findings in human fossil history and animal behavior made during the past 10 years. The central conclusion is familiar: the human mind is a product of the evolutionary history of the species, having been as precisely and characteristically shaped by early human ecology as our plantigrade feet and flat, dainty teeth. The bedrock of human nature lies in human genes. People have not surrendered entirely to the caprice of cultural evolution; they cannot be molded into products "like cornflakes or Chevrolets." Although the outer forms and technical accoutrements that distinguish individual societies are environmentally determined, the deep emotions that lead to certain forms of bonding, aggression, dominance, leadership, and social play, as opposed to other forms in the same behavioral categories, are hereditary qualities unique to our species.

Why are human beings genetically distinctive as a species? The prevailing hypothesis, which Ardrey continues to popularize, is that more than 3 million years ago our ancestors began to press out from their original ape-forest habitats and onto the spreading savannas of Africa, and in so doing came increasingly to hunt the large animals abounding there. Small and gracile (about the

size of modern 12-year-old boys), possessing neither horns nor fangs, the early men could have succeeded only if they simultaneously acquired the ability to cooperate closely and to employ tools during their hunting expeditions. Ardrey provisionally places total reliance on the hunting mode of life as the prime mover of human mental and social evolution. It is the only feature that truly and uniquely defines early human ecology in comparison with the ecology of our closest relatives, the Old World monkeys and apes. And it must certainly have been a potent element throughout the remaining periods of prehistory.

Ardrey touches on this idea repeatedly as he develops an otherwise conventional account of the geological and fossil evidence. He retraces the rise of Neanderthal and Cro-Magnon men, the tempering effects of the Ice Ages on their evolution, and the final sprint to language, art, religion, and agriculture. The hunting hypothesis cannot be said to be proven, but it continues to be favored by the absence of a coherent competing hypothesis that can plausibly explain all of the same great array of facts.

What makes all of this material a more than ordinary account is the inimitable Ardrey charm and style. Deferential to scientists, quick to acknowledge and correct earlier mistakes, always clear and direct, Ardrey cannot be seriously faulted as an expositor attempting to reach a wide audience. His tone furthermore is more cautious and professional than it was in his earlier books. The most chaste qualifications now seem written almost for a college textbook: "In the sciences any hypothesis must be regarded as an informed guess seeking a central explanation for all the jigsaw bits of information available. As such it is subject to negation, modification, or confirmation as further information comes to light." Ardrey has learned to walk carefully around his academic critics. And yet, when he gets onto a clear stretch of road and pulls out all the stops, he is the only popular science writer who can send chills down this reviewer's spine.

THAT IS WHY I recommend *The Hunting Hypothesis*. Let us be clear concerning what this unusual author is and what he is not. He is not merely an aspiring amateur scientist whose offerings need to be picked over with disdain by resident disciplinary barons; such critics sometimes seem anxious only to prove that they can be as severe as the most admired physical scientists. Nor is he a political reactionary slyly garnering evidence of man's fixity in order to justify the status quo. Ardrey's vision of man's future is as hopeful of progress as any doctrinaire utopian's, and in my opinion a good deal more humane and interesting. In any case, no solid connections can be made between political ideology and personal conceptions of human nature. The radical left, for example, includes some scientists who believe with Ardrey that human social behavior has a firm genetic foundation, and others who still insist that human beings are infinitely plastic. Both sides seem equally comfortable with their positions, and I can see no difference in the intensities of their respective political convictions.

Robert Ardrey is something apart from these roles that others have tried to assign him. In the past he has been brash

---

Edward O. Wilson, professor of zoology at Harvard University, is author of The Insect Societies *and* Sociobiology: The New Synthesis.

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and premature, made mistakes, blurred fact and opinion, oversimplified, and on occasion relied more on emotional persuasion than on cold logic. But for all that he ranks as the lyric poet of human evolution, a superb writer with a special vision, who has done far more than any other to capture the Homeric quality of his subject. Most scientists in this field sense the grandeur of the history they are reconstructing, but few can put it into words, and none has dared experiment with the emotional flourishes and striking self-revelations that are Ardrey's stock-in-trade.

The great British biologist J.B.S. Haldane once said of science and writing, "I am absolutely convinced that science is vastly more stimulating to the imagination than are the classics, but the products of the stimulus do not normally see the light because scientific men as a class are devoid of any perception of literary form." This being the case, the best scientists might profitably form a symbiosis with first-class writers such as Ardrey, who can share their enthusiasm, touch the essence of discovery, and translate subjects into precise but affecting personal visions with an artistry beyond the scientists' reach. Thus might the two cultures join. If writers of Ardrey's caliber make mistakes, let half the blame fall on the scientists who have advised them or—worse—failed to advise them when they had the opportunity. □

New Books

World of Wonders
by Robertson Davies
Viking, 358 pp., $8.95

There are novelists—such as John Fowles and Lawrence Durrell—with visions so Gothic that judgments of them are matters less of criticism than of taste. They are fiction's *escargots à la Provençale*—elegantly delicious, but not for everybody. Robertson Davies fits into this group. The first two parts of his now-completed trilogy (*Fifth Business*, 1970, and *The Manticore*, 1972) earned him deserved places on best-seller lists and praise from critics as Canada's greatest living writer of fiction. Yet with all his virtues—a seemingly effortless style, a sometimes breakneck narrative pace, an inside-out knowledge of his backgrounds—his *World of Wonders* again shows his inordinate fondness for quirky illusions. Actually, his basic tale has a trim, Dickensian simplicity: Paul Dempster, one of the trilogy's main characters, is whisked away as a child from his Ontario home by a depraved magician, grows up in the seedy atmospheres of carnivals and traveling theater groups, and by fortune and pluck becomes Magnus Eisengrim, the world's greatest prestidigitator. Seen thus, Oliver Twist and Paul Dempster are almost contemporaries. However, reading *World of Wonders* is like watching some escape-proof cage imprison its Houdini, so much is Davies at the mercy of his own complexities. Admirers will gobble up his twists—characters distorted to gargoyle-like proportions, narrative strategies complicated beyond summary. Others will wish for less deliberate stress on what one Davies character calls "a weight of implication," and for more emphasis on the plain stew of good storytelling. ROBERT MAURER

•

Monsieur Proust: A Memoir
by Céleste Albaret
Edited by Georges Belmont
Translated by Barbara Bray
McGraw-Hill, 387 pp., $12.50

The catalog of Marcel Proust's myriad eccentricities is a familiar one, and this memoir by the housekeeper who attended him constantly during the last 10 years of his life is not notable for its revelations. Still, a legendary resonance has attached itself to virtually all of the reclusive artist's quirks and predilections, and, judging from this volume's enthusiastic reception in France, the appetite for even the most trivial kinds of news *Monsieur Proust* delivers has not yet been sated. What saves the book from inconsequence is not so much what it documents about Proust himself; controversy, one can be sure, will in all likelihood continue to rage among biographers and critics over certain of Mme. Albaret's supposed disclosures—as, for instance, what the great man's sexual preferences *really* were, which of his glittering female friends served as model for the Duchesse de Guermantes's shoulders, and so forth. Nor is the former servant's inadvertent delineation of her master's breathtaking egotism likely to surprise the initiated—or anyone else, for that matter, who has so much as cracked his magnificent, smothering novel. Rather, the curiously engrossing quality of *Monsieur Proust* derives from the not inconsiderable novelistic im-

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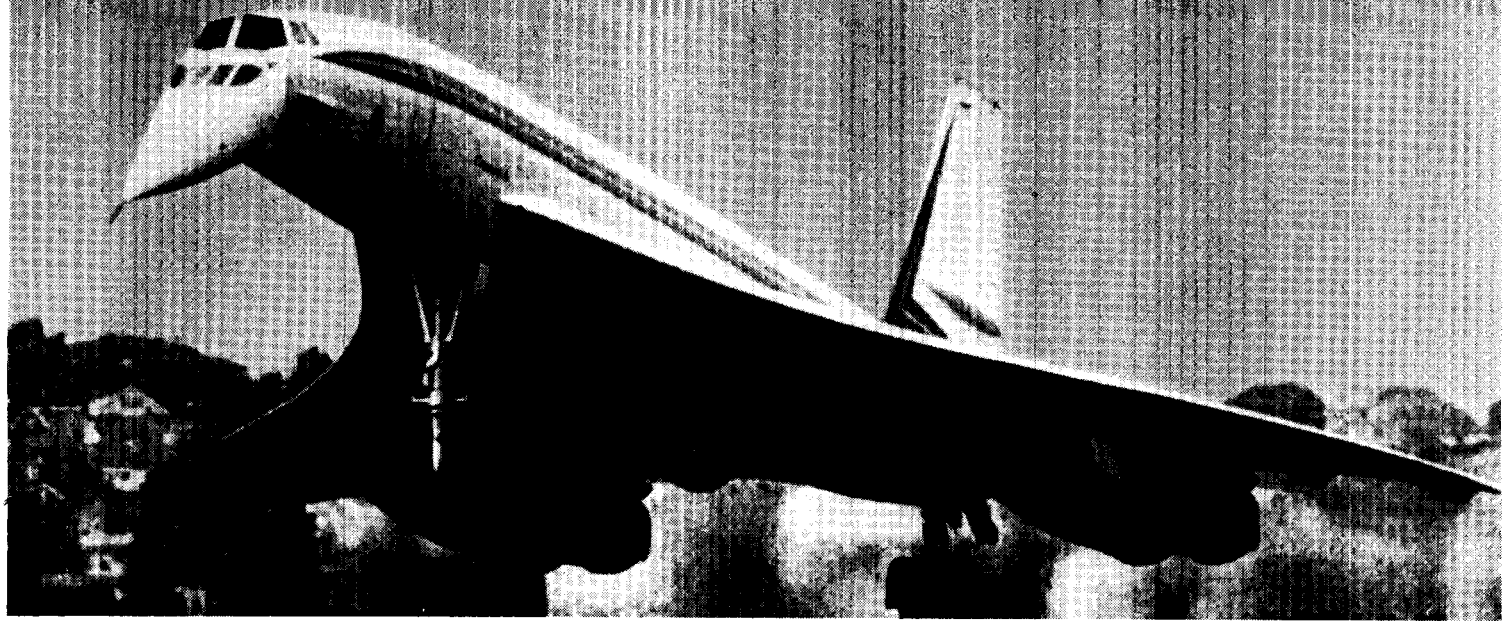
Is Europe only 7 hours ahead of us?



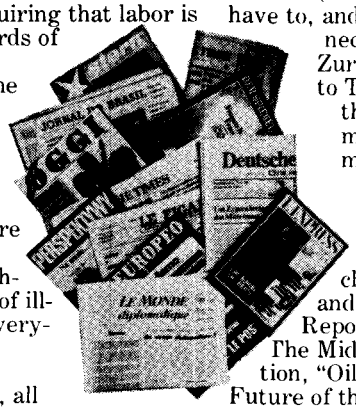
In Britain, television watchers will soon be tuning in to an electronic newspaper which will allow them to read the news on their TV screens.

In France, the government now has a Secretary of State for the Condition of Women.

In Germany, there's a plan to place workers at the center of economic decision making by requiring that labor is represented on the boards of industrial corporations.

In Denmark, the ballet is so well subsidized that it is said the "artists and staff positively bask in tax money."

In Sweden, there are no slums, no one is poverty stricken or without assistance in times of illness or accident, and everyone can look forward to a secure old age.



Quite obviously, all these countries know something we don't. The United States cannot be secure in the claim that we are foremost in social and technological progress. And the more we learn about what's being done in other countries, the more we can apply that knowledge to our own.

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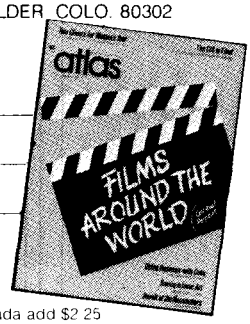

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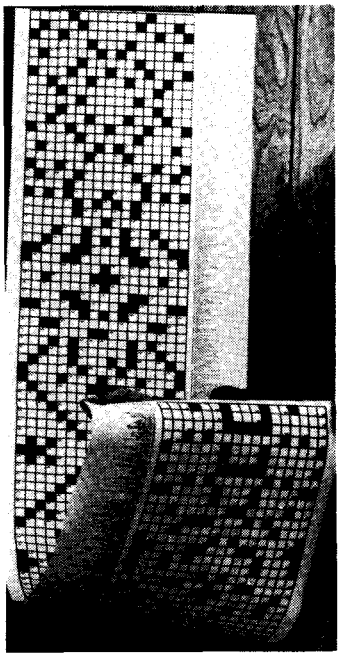

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pulses of the memoirist herself, who transforms what might in a cruder rendering have been a mere recitation of mundane detail into a textured portrait of a quite peculiar genius, and the total, vaguely appalling dedication of the woman whose job it was to indulge him.

JANE LARKIN CRAIN

•

Heat and Dust

by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala
Harper & Row, 192 pp., $7.95

Like her last novel, *Travellers* (and like her seven earlier novels), Ruth Jhabvala's new work is distinguished by a rapier wit and subtlety, in a blend altogether unique to her. Invariably, Mrs. Jhabvala refuses the flat satiric thrust, the temptation to have the last word about her characters settled and done with, however cleverly. Rather, even the most callow-seeming and predictable of them have their moment of expansion and mystery; it is the mark of these characters that they should be, hilariously and unforgettably, both what they seem and yet more. *Heat and Dust* is set alternately in the India of the Twenties and the present, its main characters Englishmen and women who, like all Mrs. Jhabvala's Western protagonists, find themselves willingly or otherwise on a voyage of discovery in India. Indeed, it is the fate of the Westerners that in their encounter with India they perceive that which, clearly, they would wish not to perceive: that which makes the lives, the assumptions, the loves they already have less tenable than before. The central story is that of Olivia, an Englishwoman fallen into disgrace for having left her husband, a British colonial official, and having run off to live with an Indian, a splendid if impoverished prince, the Nawab of Khatm. It is, particularly in its delicate chartings of passion and of the growth of consciousness, a superb story, a gift to those who care for the novel, and to the art of fiction itself.

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ

•

All Her Children

by Dan Wakefield
Doubleday, 182 pp., $6.95

There is a good deal to enjoy in Dan Wakefield's autobiographical "discovery" of the world of soap opera, in particular "All My Children," a program so popular nowadays that it is an object of study in some college sociology courses. The book had its inspiration, apparently,

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in a sense of surprise that a person of sophistication and intelligence—indeed, a literary man—should discover in himself the same capacity to devour the lowly soap opera as a housewife or a post-adolescent has. One is surprised that Mr. Wakefield should be surprised, and that it should come as news to him that long-lasting and popular entertainments have their reasons for being just that. Indeed, it is one of the problems with Mr. Wakefield's stance in this book that he is frequently disingenuous in the interests of creating an argument. It is furthermore close to irritating in so otherwise charming a writer that he should not cease to mention that the cause he espouses is sure to be an unpopular one, particularly among intellectuals and similarly prejudiced types; one would suppose, reading this, that the American intellectual establishment spent all its time plotting ways and means to do soap opera in. These objections aside, Mr. Wakefield's travels behind the scenes of America's most popular soap opera, and his portraits of its characters, are both instructive and entertaining, and very often, one would have to add, more intelligent than the program they celebrate. D.R.

•

Starkweather: A Chronicle of Mass Murder in the Fifties

by William Allen
Houghton Mifflin, 195 pp., $7.95

A consistently absorbing treatment of the notorious Starkweather murders, Mr. Allen's work is not without its share of progressive social pieties, such as reminders to the reader that criminals are themselves victims. Orthodoxies of this nature aside, this portrait of Charles Starkweather—the 19-year-old Nebraskan who, with his girlfriend, murdered 10 people in 8 days—is many cuts above the usual case history of this sort. After killing the 14-year-old girl's parents and her two-and-a-half-year-old sister, then carting the bodies to the nearby outhouse, Starkweather and the girl stayed inside the main house for nearly a week, making love, drinking Pepsi-Colas, and eating potato chips and candy. It was, according to Starkweather, the best week of his life. Madness and stupidity characterize the couple's every move. Mr. Allen has rendered the internal logic by which the couple are governed so successfully that the incomprehensible and nightmarish come to seem part of the ordinary course of events in these far from ordinary lives. D.R.

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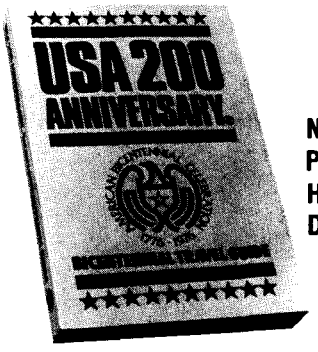

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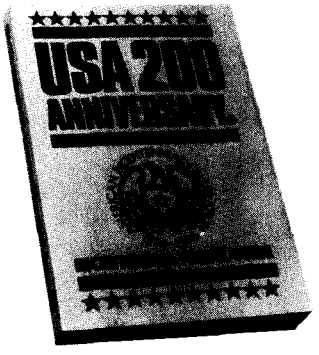

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Our First Poet

In his magnificent autobiography, *North of Jamaica*, Louis Simpson says, "It is only second-rate minds that are always ranking poets as first, second, third, and so on." Uh . . . that *does* make it difficult for me to state that he's our first poet, but there it is. This new book by the Pulitzer Prize-winner, *Searching for the Ox* (Morrow, April 7, $5.95), is his seventh collection of poetry. The poems are anecdotal, lyrical, mysterious, witty. Here's a short one, "Big Dream, Little Dream":

The Elgonyi say, there are big dreams and
little dreams.
The little dream is just personal . . .
Sitting in a plane that is flying
too close to the ground. There are wires . . .
on either side there's a wall.
The big dream feels significant.
The big dream is the kind the president has.
He wakes and tells it to the secretary,
together they tell it to the cabinet,
and before you know there is war.

The Season to Come

Twice a year *Publisher's Weekly*, that handmaiden to the publishing world, brings out fat announcements of forthcoming books. I've just gone through their spring number shaking my head over the inanities of humankind. I mean, here's a book called *Republican Humor*, with an introduction by that funny fellow Nelson Rockefeller, and a preface by that other joker, Gerald Ford. Then there's the idiocy of *Cat Astrology*. We have *1,001 Erotic Dreams Interpreted* and—undoubtedly a serious study, but a title I love—*Sex Lives of Animals Without Backbones*. There will be a mixed bag of new books from Gore Vidal, Helen MacInnes, Lillian Hellman, Bruno Bettelheim, and Harold Robbins. And some more spewin' from McKuen. If you're after trends, you'll find three books on the female orgasm, two on Alger Hiss, two on tap dancing, two on Swiss bank accounts. And for the silly season, two on beer-can collecting, "America's fastest growing hobby." God save us all.

Unique

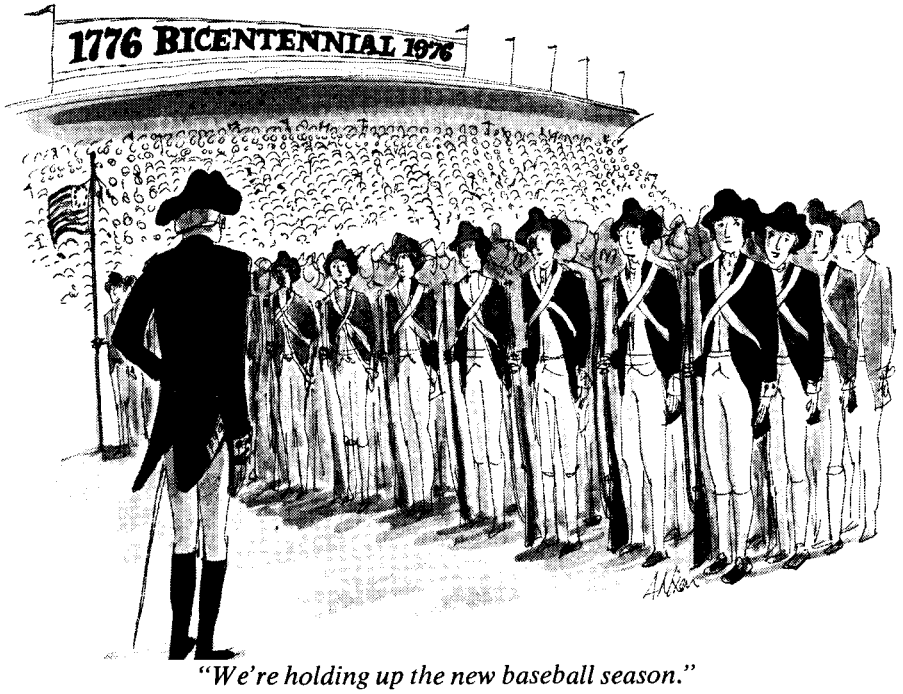
Here's a book, by one Michael Braude, that comes festooned with blurbs by Hannah Arendt, Harold Rosenberg, and Dwight Macdonald. Must be pretty high-Braude, you'd say. But no, it isn't high-Braude, just unique Michael Braude. It's a peculiar intellectual autobiography titled *The First 30 Odd Years* (Horizon Press, April 23, $8.95). The author, a retired Chicago businessman and unretired poet, was born in Lithuania before World War I. His family shifted around Europe as wars dictated, and when he was 12 they emigrated to the States. The book is more a series of whimsical ruminations than a traditional autobiography. He makes speeches at us, twists clichés out of shape, and has a good time kicking history and philosophy around. His musings take off from the various places he's lived: "If I hadn't come from so many countries, I'd go back where I came from." A typical drollery, inspired by London: "There was a speech at Guild Hall. 'Hear, hear,' cried the upper classes; ' 'ear, 'ear,' the lower classes. 'Hear, 'ear,' the middle classes." And then, thinking about overpopulation and the scant biographical information he could find about Thomas Malthus:

I like to think that young Tom Malthus had come home one day to be greeted with the news that his mother had just given birth to quadruplets. No sooner did he recover from this shock than he was subjected to a whole series of others. His clothes were systematically taken away from him. A favorite suit of his underwent a sartorial metamorphosis and emerged as bloomers; his nightgown, subjected to the same treatment, was reincarnated as diapers. The candy, the toys, in fact everything he treasured, had to be shared, collectivized as it were, and Tom was already old enough to suspect that sharing, while morally uplifting, remained a cruelly effective device for materially reducing an inventory of highly desirable personal possessions.

Western Montana

Sometimes, when I finish a book, I say to myself, "What a nice man this writer must be." Such was the case with *A River Runs Through It* by Norman Maclean (University of Chicago Press, April 20, $7.95). Although the book is billed as two novellas and a story, I say it's straight-out autobiography. The longer episodes are about fly-fishing, more or less, or about being a young lookout for the Forest Service. The short episode covers a couple of summers working in a logging camp. All this in western Montana about 60 years ago. Maclean has a sharp eye and a keen memory and a beautiful style. For example, speaking of a brother-in-law: ". . . and it's no pleasure to see your wife's face on somebody you don't like." And here, after a barroom brawl:

This was the first fight I was ever in where there were a lot of other guys, and I hadn't learned yet that when there are a lot of guys in a fight it usually doesn't last long, for the simple reason that a lot of guys don't like to fight. Only a few like to fight and know how. Most guys take a couple of punches on the nose and swallow blood and suddenly grow weak with sisterly feelings about brotherly love. □



"We're holding up the new baseball season."

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artsletter

BRICKS AND BRICKBATS AT THE TATE. Artsletter paid a brief visit to London recently and found the town agog over a pile of bricks. The brouhaha started with a report in the financial section of London's "Sunday Times" on how the Tate Gallery spends its annual £500,000 grant from the government. (To translate £s into $s, multiply by two.) The article revealed that among the Tate's purchases was a creation by the American sculptor Carl Andre consisting of 120 firebricks neatly stacked in a two-layer rectangular pile. Though the Tate refused to tell the "Sunday Times" what they had paid for the bricks, it was known that the asking price had been $12,000.

Within 24 hours, the fat was in the fire. Every newspaper in Britain pounced on the story, and the airwaves were awash with off-the-cuff discussions on what does and does not constitute a work of art. We watched a bricklayer testify on television that the bricks on view at the Tate were worth about £5 and the laying of them perhaps another £5. He was followed by a critic defending Andre's artistic bona fides and by a Member of Parliament defending the Tate's right to spend public money as its trustees see fit. By week's end the uproar had pretty well run its course, and when the hue and cry died down, most people were ready to admit that the Tate--as Britain's chief repository of contemporary art--had a mandate to make adventurous acquisitions and indeed was properly fulfilling its function by stirring up a controversy of this kind. Inasmuch as only 5 percent of the museum's annual grant goes on "experimental" purchases, Britain's exchequer could hardly be termed in jeopardy.

Still, the bricks affair provoked some salutary introspection on the absurdity of accepting something as a work of art simply because it is so labeled. As Bernard Levin, the stormiest petrel among British columnists, observed: "The most catastrophic occurrence in the arts since the end of the Second World War is not that art has jumped the rails, that the hitherto unbroken line of artistic-apostolic succession that has run from Giotto to Francis Bacon has now been severed, but that there has been absolutely unquestioning acceptance of anything at all that calls itself art on the part of those--gallery directors, commercial-art dealers, critics, and collectors--whose function is to tend the sacred flame." Or to put it another way, art may come and art may go but a brick is a brick forever.

Though the much-derided pile of bricks is attracting its share of onlookers, the chief attraction at the Tate these days is a comprehensive exhibition celebrating the bicentennial of John Constable's birth. It runs chronologically from his earliest sketches to the painting of "Arundel Mill and Castle," on which he was working at the time of his death in 1837.

NATIONAL THEATER HALF OPENS ITS DOORS. Lord Birkett, deputy director of Britain's National Theater, took us on a preview tour of its new building, located on the South Bank of the Thames adjacent to Waterloo Bridge. Though much construction work still needs to be done, the company has gone ahead and occupied the premises. "We finally concluded," Birkett explained, "that if we didn't move in, the builders would never move out." There are three theaters in the building, and one of these--the Lyttleton--opened on March 16. It seats 900 people in two tiers and is a traditional proscenium theater (with an adjustable proscenium arch to accommodate productions by visiting companies). Eventually, the Lyttleton Theater will be the NT's "long-run house," for those hits (like Harold Pinter's current "No Man's Land") that heretofore have had to be transferred to the West End. But for the nonce it is being used as the NT's regular

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repertory theater. This month the fare includes a new John Osborne play, "Watch It Come Down"; an uncut "Hamlet" with Albert Finney; a revival of Ben Travers's 1928 farce, "Plunder"; and an all-star (Peggy Ashcroft, Wendy Hiller, Ralph Richardson) production of Ibsen's "John Gabriel Borkman."

Later this year (by midsummer, they say, hopefully) the 1,160-seat Olivier Theater will be ready for action. Even in its present unfinished state, it is a spectacular sight--the seats rising steeply in a semicircle as in the ancient Greek theaters, surrounding an open stage on a revolving drum. Lord Birkett calls it "the most exciting theater in Europe," not without good reason. Here the NT will perform its repertory of "the classics"--a term that is meant to embrace everything from Marlowe to Noel Coward. (The original plan, since abandoned, was to open with alternating productions of "Tamburlaine" and "Blithe Spirit.") Among the classics planned for the Olivier's first year of operation are Marlowe's "Tamburlaine," Webster's "The White Devil," Goldoni's "The Guardsman," Granville Barker's "The Madras House," Brecht's "Galileo," and the "Agamemnon" trilogy by Aeschylus.

A third theater, the Cottesloe, is also supposed to be in operation later this year. It is a simple box-like auditorium, seating 400 people, and is designed for "slightly risky" productions of, mainly, new plays. At the moment, it looks a long way from completion.

The new National Theater cost £16 million to build, most of it contributed by the British treasury. To keep the enterprise going, the Arts Council is providing an annual subsidy of £2 million. This will cover about half the running costs, the other half coming from ticket sales. Tickets are being sold in a curious way. A voucher costing £2.35 guarantees a seat anywhere in the house for a particular performance, but a specific seat allocation will not be made until just before curtain time. On arrival at the theater, the voucher can be exchanged for a numbered-seat ticket. If you want to reserve a numbered seat further in advance, you will have to pay an additional £2 reservation fee. The idea is to keep ticket prices low by costing every seat equally, but grumbles are already being heard, and there is a good possibility that the voucher scheme will be abandoned before long.

Meanwhile, what happens to the house that has been the National Theater's headquarters for the past 13 years, the venerable Old Vic? Nobody knows for sure. It is badly in need of repair (on particularly rainy nights the roof leaks), and at least £100,000 is needed for its rehabilitation. There is talk of the Young Vic (a repertory group unrelated to the National Theater) using it as a permanent home. And there is talk of its becoming a regular port of call for visiting companies from all over Britain. But it will take money to implement any of these ideas, and under present conditions that may be hard to find.

LETTING IT ALL HANG OUT. Last year Britain's National Gallery opened a new wing of rooms at the rear of the building on Trafalgar Square. Now it has refurbished and reopened the entire ground floor in order to put every painting in its collection--some 2,000 in all--on view together for the first time. The great masterpieces will continue to be shown in the main galleries upstairs. The ground floor is for lesser works of art. In order to accommodate them all, the ground-floor galleries have been sectioned off with partitions. Paintings will fill almost every inch of available surface from floor to ceiling--not the ideal way of showing pictures, but better than locking them up in storage . . . Coming up this fall, September 30 to December 12, is a major exhibition of Dutch 17th-century painting, complemented by displays of furniture, silver, and sculpture. Meanwhile, the National Gallery has just put a newly acquired Delacroix on view. The British government gives £1 million a year to the museum for acquisitions--"more," the director proudly asserts, "than any museum gets in Germany."

ROLAND GELATT

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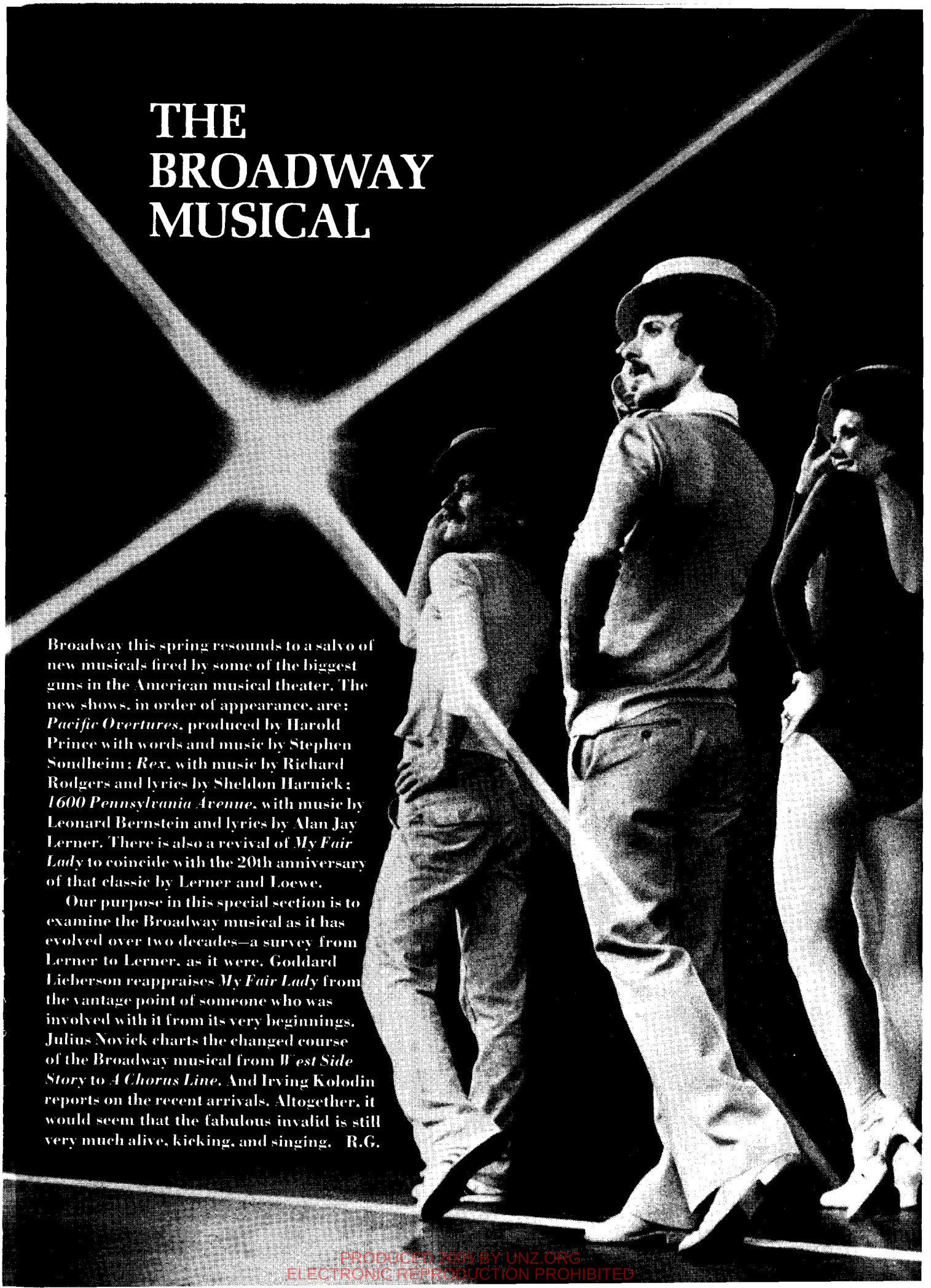
THE BROADWAY MUSICAL



Broadway this spring resounds to a salvo of new musicals fired by some of the biggest guns in the American musical theater. The new shows, in order of appearance, are: *Pacific Overtures*, produced by Harold Prince with words and music by Stephen Sondheim; *Rex*, with music by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Sheldon Harnick; *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue*, with music by Leonard Bernstein and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner. There is also a revival of *My Fair Lady* to coincide with the 20th anniversary of that classic by Lerner and Loewe.

Our purpose in this special section is to examine the Broadway musical as it has evolved over two decades—a survey from Lerner to Lerner, as it were. Goddard Lieberson reappraises *My Fair Lady* from the vantage point of someone who was involved with it from its very beginnings. Julius Novick charts the changed course of the Broadway musical from *West Side Story* to *A Chorus Line*. And Irving Kolodin reports on the recent arrivals. Altogether, it would seem that the fabulous invalid is still very much alive, kicking, and singing. R.G.

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MFL Revisited

by Goddard Lieberson

It was 1956—20 years ago. Some of the same people who had asked in 1943, "How could you possibly make a musical out of a play like *Green Grow the Lilacs*?" (which became, of course, *Oklahoma!*) were now asking, "How can a musical be made out of *Pygmalion*?" The fact is that if there is enough talent involved, you can make a musical out of *The Farmer's Almanac*. (Not such a bad idea. Perhaps we can expect to see it next season.) But whatever the doubts, both *Oklahoma!* and *My Fair Lady* not only proved to be musicals that were of a particular success, but also became important milestones in the development of the American musical theater. Both took a different approach to old problems, and both extended the perimeters of the musical play. Any skepticism about *Pygmalion* as a poor basis for a musical was not shared by some important people; before the Lerner and Loewe version, *Pygmalion* had been considered for musicalization by Cole Porter, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and perhaps others.

Lerner and Loewe themselves had considered it several years earlier and had gone so far as to make preliminary sketches, but they gave it up because of what then seemed to be insuperable problems. And indeed the Shaw play, when regarded in its purely stage form, does present some serious problems: a stuffy Edwardian drawing room as the main set; a misogynic, professorial linguistic technician as the male lead; a drab, dirty-faced girl for the feminine interest; and a rather wordy, if brilliant, script that concerns itself mainly with the sociological implications of British speech patterns. These were the elements that Alan Lerner and Fritz Loewe exploded (and I think that is the correct word) into a sophisticated entertainment of witty, characterologically correct, sometimes boisterous, always swiftly moving songs and scenes. And, in addition, they brought to *Pygmalion* a touchingly romantic lyricism that was never a part of Shaw's creative equipment, no matter with what genius he was otherwise blessed.

It was perfectly clear 20 years ago, as it is today, that *My Fair Lady* was the result of a very special concatenation of elements. Analyzing such elements, if one can, is not always a fruitful occupation, particularly if the intention is to try to duplicate the success. But if the object of one's analysis is to explain the success, that is more fun, if not much more attainable. In any case, that is what I am going to try to do.

I THINK I must have been among the first to hear about *My Fair Lady* (although that title was not arrived at until later; if I'm not mistaken, *London Bridge* was favored for a short period). And if I wasn't there at the moment of egg-fertilization, I at least saw it through much of the pregnancy, and was certainly around for the accouchement.

It started on a weekend in 1954, up the Hudson at New City, N.Y. My wife and I often visited that area in those days to stay with Kurt Weill and Lotte Lenya at their charming country house. It was a lovely place, of an inexplicable rusticity considering the European urbanity of its occupants. Large trees, a rushing stream, an old half-stone house looking deep into woods. There were often poker games, late into the night, with Kurt, Marc Connelly, Maxwell Anderson, Bill Mauldin, Burgess Meredith, and other neighbors. These games were better to listen to than to participate in, but they were great fun. It was an attractive ambience, and it was easy to understand why Alan Lerner and his then wife, Nancy Olson, and their two sweet little baby girls would take a house for the summer in the neighborhood, a house which they rented from the painter Henry Varnum Poor, and which Alan always referred to as "the Poor house."

We had known Alan from the late Thirties, and were invited to spend a weekend. I'm rather hazy on details, but I do remember clearly that the little guest house where we were to stay was more of a library than a house, with books everywhere—on the tables, on the floor, in the bathroom, and under Alan's arm and in his hand as he came to the door to greet us. Most of the books were by or about George Bernard Shaw. Alan was in the midst of absolutely immersing himself in Shaw (as he does with every subject he works on; while he was doing *On a Clear Day*, he probably had the largest occult library this side of Annie Besant). Fritz Loewe had taken a house nearby, and the two of them were in the process of solving whatever problems they had found earlier in *Pygmalion*.

To repeat, a surprisingly large number of people considered this project a rather "hoity-toity" idea, not very likely to succeed, and even somewhat insulting, since it would be mucking about with a modern "classic." In short, an altogether impossible assignment, and a foolish attempt to add something, through lyrics and music, to an already perfectly formed, brilliantly written play. I mention all of this only to try to catch the intellectual climate of Broadway before the evidence was heard. Indeed, it was an easy argument to go along with—that is, until you heard the music and lyrics that were now taking form.

For Alan Lerner, the Shavian ideas were something that he could relate to as he never had before. As he himself pointed out, for some quirky reason he had—despite the enormous success of such a work as *Brigadoon*—been writing on subjects that were by no means entirely compatible with his education or his cultural interests, to say nothing of his psyche. His literary longings, despite his having been born in New York City, despite Choate and Harvard, were basically British. His wit, his slants on manners and morals, his observations of life, were, and are, more Wilde than Twain, less Mencken than Shaw. With *My Fair Lady*, Alan found himself cooking—with evident relish—a typically British dish, adding later perhaps a dash of Hungarian paprika from the Gabriel Pascal film version of *Pygmalion*. By this time Shaw was dead, which I think was quite a good thing, because he knew too

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Goddard Lieberson, longtime head of Columbia Records until his retirement last year, arranged for CBS to finance the original Broadway production of My Fair Lady. *He produced the original-cast recording of the show, along with many others, the latest of which is* A Chorus Line.

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Jos. Abeles Studio

Julie Andrews and Rex Harrison—"Not one false note in the cast."

much about music, had too many opinions about opera, not to have wanted to interfere in the musicalization of one of his stage works.

Alan did have an English-born associate in his director, Moss Hart, whose superb taste, expert stagecraft, and brilliant theatrical intelligence would have, under a different set of circumstances, won him a knighthood. His bravura handling of the material that Alan and Fritz gave him was an enormous theatrical stroke, and though *My Fair Lady* would undoubtedly have been a success under any circumstances, Moss Hart's contribution made it a *succès fou*—a hit of nearly unprecedented proportions. Moss knew exactly what this show should be. At the New Haven opening, there was an elaborate "dream" ballet which took place after Liza sang "I Could Have Danced All Night"; this took place while she slept on a couch, front stage. It was totally out of place and an impediment to the forward motion of the show. I remember running down the aisle at intermission to where Moss was seated, and as I knelt down to speak to him, he said, "The ballet is out!" It took, strangely enough, some courage to throw out a ballet in this period when ballets, "dream" or otherwise, were considered prerequisites for a successful musical. (This is not to criticize Hanya Holm, the choreographer of *My Fair Lady*. She, of course, had been asked to do this ballet. Indeed, her staging of the musical numbers in association with Moss was responsible for many wonderful moments in the show.)

Moss, of course, was not the only British-born participant. There was Rex Harrison, of exquisite style, who could have sung/spoke "The Star Spangled Banner" and made it sound British (which, indeed, the music is); Julie Andrews, a perfect Liza, both in voice and in her typically English beauty; and Stanley Holloway, a member of British vaudeville's House of Lords; the inimitable Robert Coote (who appears in the current revival); Cathleen Nesbitt; and on and on. Not one false note in the cast.

And not one false note from Fritz Loewe either. I first heard the score as it began to grow: Fritz at the piano (and a good pianist he is too—I mean of a Rachmaninoff concerto capability), Alan singing (and I too if it was needed). It was apparent at once that this score was something quite special. Fritz had a favorite question he used to ask (perhaps he still does): "Who is the greatest living composer?" When he directed this question to me, I carefully sifted through my brain the names of composers then extant. I knew whom I would name, but whom did Fritz have in mind? Stravinsky, Poulenc, Berg, Sibelius, Hindemith, Schoenberg? I gave up. "I am," Fritz would say with a confident expression, as if declaring a well-known fact. He at once meant it and didn't mean it. But we had this colloquy before he had written *My Fair Lady*, and I think he was indicating that people did not generally understand how good a composer he really was, and how preeminent in his own field.

I don't think it is generally known that Fritz Loewe began as a musical *wunderkind*, playing with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra when he was 15 years old, and that he had been a student of Ferruccio Busoni, who in his time was considered eminent as both pianist and composer. Although born in Berlin, Fritz's father was a celebrated Viennese actor and matinee idol. Undoubtedly, the combination of music and theater started early in Fritz's life. This duality of interest, while evident in all of his scores, reached its zenith in *My Fair Lady*.

BECAUSE THE SCORE of *My Fair Lady* is now so familiar, it is difficult to re-create the first hearings of the songs. Yet it is worth trying, if only to attempt to understand why their magic worked in Japan, as well as in Italy, in Latin American countries, in Germany—in fact, everywhere it played, no matter how exotic the location. To say nothing, of course, of those most exotic locations of all, New York and London.

In considering, overall, the musical theater, it is my feeling that a song gen-

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Lerner, Lieberson, Loewe celebrate MFL's first million records, March 5, 1957.

erally makes its first impact with the words, particularly if the words are tied to the progressive movement of the plot. But this immediacy of effect must be sustained by the music, either overtly ("With a Little Bit of Luck") or insidiously ("I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face"). If we inspect just these two songs as examples, we gain an insight into the character, the origins, and even the eccentricities of Fritz's style. But let me say first that throughout the score of *My Fair Lady* there is not one dud, not one moment of music when the audience says to itself, "Let's get through this one in a hurry and on to the next." This is true even for the heavily verbal songs, the songs in which the words and the performance ("I'm an Ordinary Man" or "You Did It" or "Just You Wait") at first hearing may make the music appear to be mere accompaniment. Repeated hearings show us that this is in fact not the case at all. And none of the incidental music—the "Ascot Gavotte," the "Embassy Waltz," the "Promenade," the individual bits and pieces—is either unnecessary, too long, or boring. This kind of consistency in a score is rare, and is characteristic of only a handful of plays in the musical theater anywhere.

To come back to the two examples: both are illustrative on the one hand of Fritz Loewe's eclectic (in the best sense of the word) style and on the other of his ability to write strangely haunting melodies—deeply touching and of an odd turn. In the first, "With a Little Bit of Luck," we have an out-and-out piece of band music, raucous, with good melodies, strung together so skillfully in repeats and variations that verses and choruses meld into a continuing, seemingly unending circle of words and tunes. It is extremely effective. This song also contains a device characteristic of Fritz, one that lifts the audience upward and onward: his use of a rest, an open spot, to give emphasis: "A man was made to help support his children, but———with a little bit . . ."* (Fritz also did this most effectively in one of the best songs he and Alan ever wrote: "Almost Like Being in Love" from *Brigadoon.*) "With a Little Bit of Luck," of course, is not subtle. Quite the contrary, the musical objective is to be forthright, while the lyrics are scandalously cynical. It is a Salvation Army rouser with words glorifying a life of hedonistic indifference to all moral obligations. In fact, this song (as is not so perfectly expounded in the Shaw play) gives the name "Doolittle" a Congrevian double entendre.

AND NOW comes the time for self-confession: on each of the countless occasions I saw *My Fair Lady*, the moment the orchestra played and Rex began his *sprechstimme* of "I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face," I became unashamedly teary. I am quite aware of the fact that it is a moment of poignant drama, the moment of love triumphant, the successful, longed-for conclusion of the Cinderella story (not unmixed with *L'Histoire d'O*: "Eliza? Where the devil are my slippers?"); but what tugs at us, what makes us know the deeper feelings of this essentially self-centered man, is that wonderfully melancholy, yet passionate melody. It is a strange tune. When I first heard it, out of context, it seemed to me almost eccentric. The melody sits itself on unresolved chords from the beginning, and one wonders, Why the lingering on the second note of the scale at the end of the first phrase, and why the ending on the fourth in the next phrase? In fact, the song seems not to resolve itself harmonically until the very end. When looked at as if for the first time, the melody is strangely unconventional, yet insidious.

As a composer, Fritz is often criticized as being too obvious, too commonplace, too much of "an ordinary man." But surely this criticism is of the same species as that wonderful scene by W. C. Fields in which he complains of not being able to remember the melody of a song, but walks out of the room a short time later whistling it. Fritz Loewe has the great gift of communicating through music, the rare ability of reaching out with tunes that seem familiar and new at the same time. Like many successful songwriters, he serves as a conduit for musical emotions that at first strike a note of familiarity and then go on to establish an identity which is unique. Much of the quality of his writing is the result of a fascinating mélange of European influences and American idioms—the idioms, in other words, of the American musical theater. In any case, the kind of success enjoyed by *My Fair Lady* is never accidental, and the music which Fritz Loewe provided for Alan Lerner's brilliant lyrics added to that success with its irresistibleness. No matter what recollected tune is suggested, "I Could Have Danced All Night" soars into the air with beauty and warmth, and no matter how conventional the melody of "The Rain in Spain," which is purposely a caricature, there is surely no better moment in the musical theater than this childish exultation by three adults. Altogether—in its effectiveness in the theater, in its ability to insinuate itself into the auditor's awareness—the score of *My Fair Lady* is a matchless achievement.

I hope it is not a sign of growing old to wish to experience again something that happened 20 years before, but I must say that evenings in the theater equal to the first hearing of *My Fair Lady* are rare indeed. Perhaps they have occurred since then on one or two occasions, but never with more polish, more exhilaration, more sophistication or elegance. □

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In Search of a New Consensus

by Julius Novick

The 20th-anniversary revival of *My Fair Lady* is likely to swell the ranks of those who have been wondering for some years now, in aggrieved or wistful tones, "Why don't they write Broadway musicals the way they used to?" Well, they would if they could—it's not for lack of trying. But nothing stands still forever. Musicals have changed because the country has changed, the culture has changed, *we* have changed.

My Fair Lady was the product of what is called in other contexts the Eisenhower Era—an age of relative consensus, we can now see, in nearly all walks of life. It was the time—remember?—of the Silent Generation and the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit; anyone to the left of Adlai Stevenson was carefully keeping his mouth shut. Even in the little world of musical theater, there was a consensus in the Fifties. We knew, back then, what a musical was: an escapist entertainment, mainly comic or romantic in nature, with songs and dances. (I use *escapist* as a term of description, not of derogation—I love *Guys and Dolls* as much as any man. But some works of art or entertainment seek primarily to interpret the real world, while others seek primarily to distract us from it; the latter are what I mean by *escapist*.) Of course, it was widely assumed 20 or 30 years ago that the works of Rodgers and Hammerstein were exceptions to the escapist rule; but with hindsight one is more aware of just how sweetly romantic Rodgers and Hammerstein were. And even *My Fair Lady*, for all its vaunted Shavian intelligence, was really only *Cinderella* plus phonetics plus songs.

Since the days of Eisenhower, however, the great American consensus has been broken—not to say shot to hell—in many ways, and the musical-theater consensus, too, no longer holds as it once did. What with the rock revolution and its attendant confusions, composers have probably suffered most from the loss of consensus in the musical theater—they certainly don't write melodies the way they used to—but everyone was affected. As the consensus gradually disappeared, a certain unselfconscious ease went with it. All sorts of patterns and conventions lost their vitality (when, for instance, was the last time you saw a "dream ballet" in a musical?). With the end of consensus comes doubt and sadness, but also variety and freedom. When nobody knows exactly what the form is, it becomes easier for creative talents to reinvent that form for their own purposes.

In this regeneration, the directors have taken the lead. The program for *West Side Story* (1957) says, "Based on a conception of Jerome Robbins" and "Entire production directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins." With *West Side Story* the musical began to pass into the hands of the director, who became not just a coordinator but a creator as well. And what have the directors done with their power? For decades, people had been preaching the ideal of the "integrated" musical: instead of the show being written around a series of putative hit songs, the songs should be written to suit the purposes of the show—which implies, of course, that a show is supposed to *have* a purpose other than making money and providing hit songs. An integrated musical is an organic whole, with song and dance and words and acting and staging and design all interfused, with every moment carrying forward the special action, feeling, meaning of that particular show. The new creator-directors—not without help, of course, from writers, composers, designers, and performers—carried the integrated musical farther than it had ever gone before, carried it straight into the urgent concerns of the latter half of the 20th century.

It is no longer assumed that a musical is or should be an escapist entertainment. Over the past couple of decades, American musicals have been reflecting with increasing vividness the changes in the society out of which they grew. These last two decades have not been carefree ones, and they have not given rise to many carefree musicals. The Broadway musical, instead, has opened itself more and more to the real world: the fearful, divided, confused real world we live in every day.

West Side Story was a first step in this direction. It deals with a certified "social problem"—gang warfare—expressing perhaps a nascent feeling that all was not well in our cities, and ending, daringly, in death and bereavement. But even so, how romantic—how fanciful, really—the whole thing was! Can anybody take seriously any more the self-conscious Broadway flipness ("Womb to tomb!" "Sperm to worm!") of the gang talk in Arthur Laurents's book? The show's story, taken from *Romeo and Juliet*, has little to do with the way kids in big-city slums actually live and feel. *West Side Story* was inescapably touching, but inauthentic; only, perhaps, in those fiercely danced "rumble" numbers, choreographed by Jerome Robbins to Leonard Bernstein's blistering music, was there some sense of the real city.

Gypsy (1959), another Robbins musical, had a delightful, old-fashioned song-and-dance score by Jule Styne—used, in large part, for purposes of bitter irony. Like *West Side Story*, *Gypsy* had a book by Arthur Laurents and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and this time they were dealing with something they knew something about: show business. Based on Gypsy Rose Lee's autobiography, *Gypsy* was a backstage musical about the last days of vaudeville, but it had none of the rah-rah show-biz spirit of *Babes in Arms* or *Annie Get Your Gun*, the backstage musicals of an earlier era. Americans were beginning to lose the ability to cele-

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Julius Novick, author of Beyond Broadway: The Quest for Permanent Theaters, *is theater critic for the* Humanist *and the* Village Voice.

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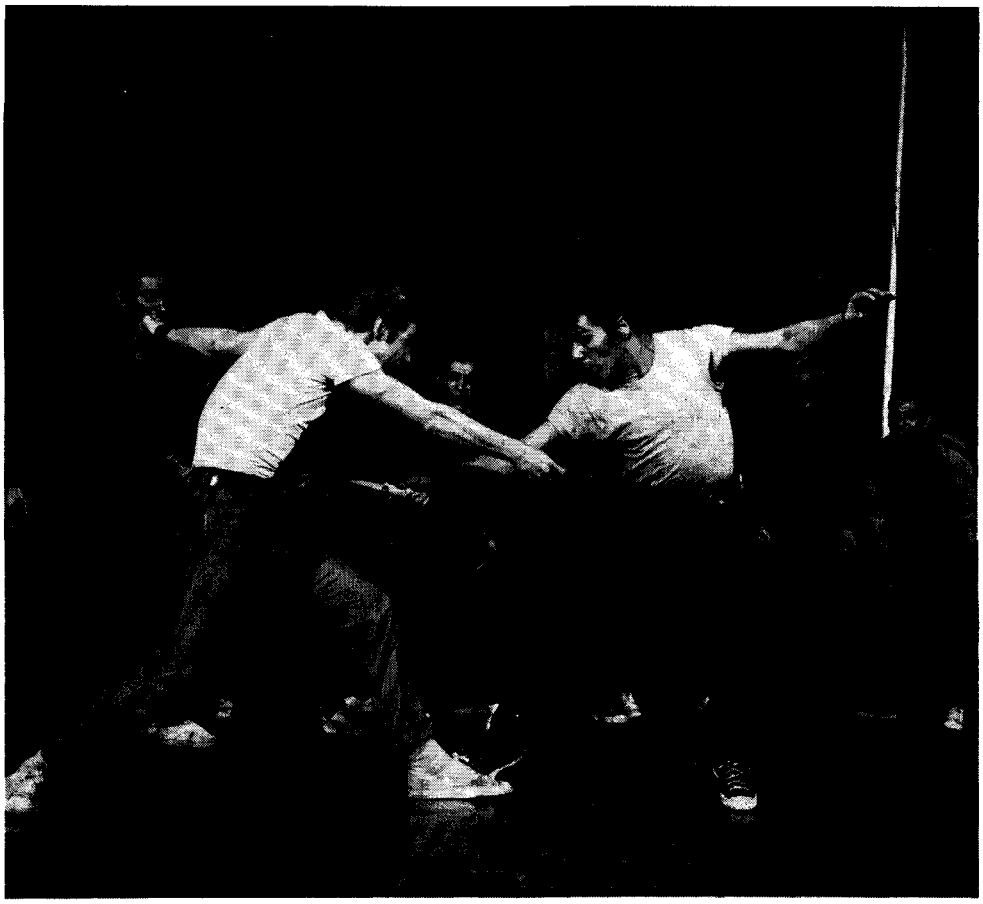

Fred Fehl

West Side Story—*"A nascent feeling that all was not well in our cities."*

brate anything with very much conviction; the creators of *Gypsy* were using show business to expose show business, to examine the ugly, neurotic hunger that so often provides its motive power. Ethel Merman, that miracle of devastating energy, was Mama Rose, the ultimate stage mother, and the show's true subject was the terrible harm that can be wreaked by a frustrated and ravenous ego—which means, of course, that it was not *just* about show business.

Fiddler on the Roof (1964), Robbins's last Broadway musical, was also almost the first explicitly Jewish Broadway musical. For many years, musicals had been written and produced largely by Jews; now, with the breakdown in the larger society of the melting-pot consensus, minorities were beginning to assert themselves, and finally it was possible for Jews to make a successful musical about Jewishness. Based on Sholom Aleichem's stories of life in the Old Country, *Fiddler* offered the descendants of East European immigrants a chance to see *their* past, *their* roots, *their* rituals on the stage. It was a validating, strengthening experience. But although it was intensely Jewish, *Fiddler* was far from being exclusively Jewish. I saw it at a matinee in Chicago; several nuns sitting near me seemed to be enjoying it just as much as everyone else. Dissolution, uprooting, exile, the breaking of the circle of tradition—Jews have no monopoly on these. They form the experience of virtually all immigrants. *Fiddler on the Roof* tells us all where we come from.

After *Fiddler on the Roof*, Jerome Robbins left Broadway to return to the ballet. His true heir as a director of musicals is Harold Prince, who learned his trade first by stage-managing for George Abbott, and then by producing musicals for Abbott and for Robbins. (Oddly, Prince is the only currently important director of musicals who is not a choreographer.) Prince's shows move freely through time and space, fluidly mixing memory, fantasy, and commentary into what is "really" going on. But he does not experiment with form for form's sake only; the purpose of the new forms is to express new meaning. With Prince's shows you feel that somebody has really, seriously asked, "*Why* are we making a musical out of this material?"

In the case of *Cabaret* (1966), Prince's first important show as a producer-director, the material was the *Berlin Stories* of Christopher Isherwood (dramatized by John Van Druten as *I Am a Camera*). Prince and his colleagues seized on the cabaret as a metaphor for the amoral hedonism of Berlin in the Weimar days, which they connected with the rise of the Nazis. The presiding spirit of that brilliantly sleazy cabaret—and of the musical itself—was the leering, insinuating Master of Ceremonies, who became in Joel Grey's haunting performance a figure of indescribable, unimaginable degeneracy. Nowadays it is a commonplace to see in Weimar Germany a warning of what we might become, or even an image of what we are; one reason it is a commonplace now is because *Cabaret* evoked such a powerful image of Weimar corruption a decade ago.

ONLY ONE Broadway musical hit of the Sixties emerged from outside the orbit of established Broadway professionals, but that was the most "Sixties" musical of all. *Hair*, "The American Tribal Love-Rock Musical," had a book and lyrics by a couple of little-known actors named Gerome Ragni and James Rado (who were also in the cast), and music by a Staten Island church organist named Galt MacDermot. Having opened, in the fall of 1967, as the first production of Joseph Papp's Public Theater in lower Manhattan, it was restaged for Broadway the following spring, not by a Broadway director but by Tom O'Horgan, the psychedelic wizard of La Mama.

The Broadway version of *Hair* was, oddly, tougher, more abrasive, less idyllic than the show had been downtown. O'Horgan made it a hit by means of one bit of business in the first-act finale, wherein several members of the cast stripped off their clothes and stood in dim light for a few moments naked.

But *Hair* had other things beside nudity to recommend it: high spirits, liberating anarchic gestures, and real satiric wit. MacDermot's score, rock or no rock, was the sweetest and catchiest Broadway show score since *My Fair Lady*. Above all, *Hair* fed a widespread hunger in post-consensus America to know more about a strange, alluring, dangerous foreign country that seemed to be emerging in the midst of these United States and threatening to take it over and either destroy it or save it: the country of "the hippies," "the counterculture," "the kids." "What's the matter with kids to-

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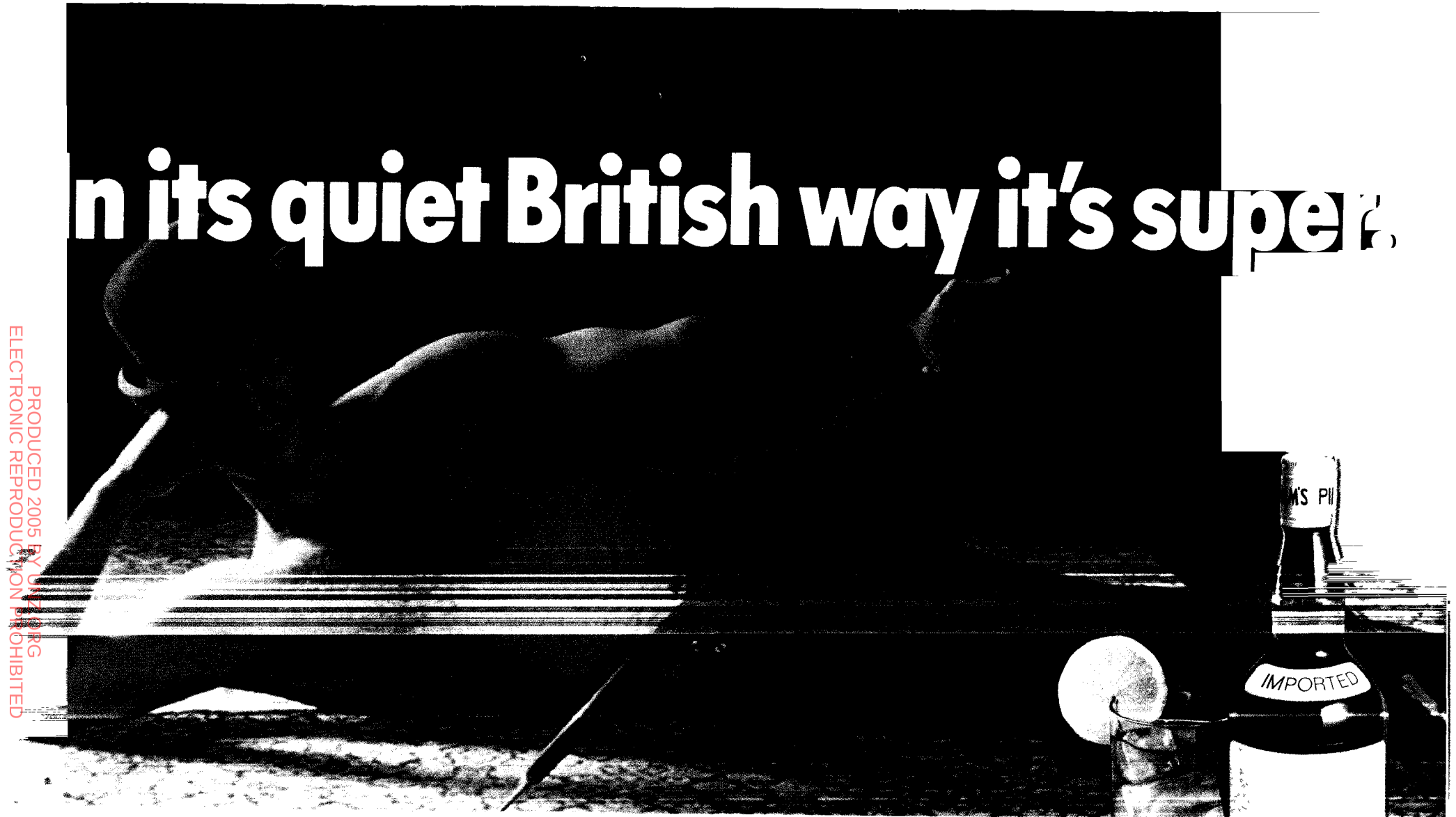

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day?" sang a chorus of grown-ups in *Bye Bye Birdie* (1960), a musical inspired by Elvis Presley's draft call. But the kids in *Bye Bye Birdie* were still going steady and getting pinned. The kids in *Hair* (a few years older, yes, but still obstreperously kids) were doing many of the things that the degenerates in *Cabaret* were doing, but still managing to hold onto a crazy kind of innocence. There was more than a little idealizing, sentimentalizing, and special pleading going on here: *Hair* was far from impartial. But that is the crucial point. *Hair* was imagined from *inside* hippiedom—for a change, the adults and not the kids were the "others." In its shrewdness, and in its self-delusions, it expressed the moment of the late Sixties, the false dawn of the Age of Aquarius—a moment that history has buried with brutal swiftness. That is why *Hair* has had no successors.

Meanwhile, back in the grown-up world, Harold Prince produced and directed *Zorba* (1968), a semi-successful image of the vigor and rigor of life on a Greek island, and then *Company* (1970), which was about the frustrations and difficulties of being either married or single among some sleek people who lived on the island of Manhattan. The environment of the latter was a chilly, brilliant Miesian construction, all steel rods and glass, designed by Boris Aronson, in which the characters struggled for human warmth, never succeeding very well but never quite failing either. Stephen Sondheim provided ironic, sometimes scathing lyrics, with music to match, and the whole show had a far more delicate touch on human relationships in the Age of Alienation—the age of here and now—than would have been possible in a musical up to that time.

Since *Company*, Prince and Sondheim have continued to work together. Their next was *Follies* (1971), a backstage musical like *Gypsy* (for which Sondheim, remember, had written the lyrics), and—also like *Gypsy*—full of anger and bitterness: the theater once again turning on itself in rage. Sondheim's score, like Jule Styne's for *Gypsy*, was old-fashioned, but much less spontaneously so, much less juicy and lively, much more sophisticated and self-conscious. *Follies* was an image of disillusion and demoralization, counterpointing the old, lush romanticism of Broadway, now dead and past, with the flatness, disappointment, nastiness of ordinary life.

Follies was not a popular success: too grim for the general public, probably, and yet James Goldman's book managed at the same time to be soggily sentimental. The next Prince-Sondheim show—*A Little Night Music*—met with more success; a romantic operetta, it was rueful, wry, very unlike any conventional operetta. (The newest Prince-Sondheim musical, *Pacific Overtures*, is discussed by Irving Kolodin on page 43.) Harold

Cabaret—"*A metaphor for the amoral hedonism of Berlin in the Weimar days.*"

Jos. Abeles Studio

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Hair *(as viewed by Hirschfeld)—"The false dawn of the Age of Aquarius."*

Prince has not had a really *huge* hit since *Cabaret*; he makes too few compromises. But he has done more than anyone else in the last decade to expand the range of what is possible in a musical.

OF COURSE there are other creative directors besides Harold Prince. Bob Fosse has directed and choreographed three harsh, lurid, galvanic productions: *Sweet Charity* (1966), *Pippin* (1972), and *Chicago* (1975)—the last a cynical extravaganza about greed, hypocrisy, and a bunch of publicity-hungry murderesses that owes a great deal to Bertolt Brecht. And finally—"Conceived, Choreographed, and Directed by Michael Bennett," who had been Harold Prince's choreographer for *Company* and co-director for *Follies*—there is *A Chorus Line* (1975), yet another backstage musical. Like other art forms, the musical is investigating itself a great deal nowadays—and not entirely liking what it finds. *A Chorus Line* does its best to celebrate show business by displaying the gallantries and yearnings of those who put their bodies and selves nightly on the line. But it is really about alienation, neuroticism, and disappointment—like so many modern musicals, like so much modern art, like so much modern life.

It would not be quite true to say that a new consensus has set in, one which declares that all musicals must be mirrors of contemporary *angst*; there have been, and are, a number of exceptions both partial and total to the trend I have been describing. As you might expect, for example, the last two decades have seen a number of very earnest black musicals—written, until recently, by whites. Perhaps the first genuine black musical since the days of *Shuffle Along* is *The Wiz* (1975), which is based on *The Wizard of Oz*, scarcely a saga of the black experience. But *The Wiz* was created by blacks in a contemporary black idiom: loud, broad, raucous, and gaudy. It is full of references to black life and culture, but it is far more exuberant than anguished, or even concerned.

Mention should be made here also of that curious phenomenon *Man of La Mancha* (1965), which according to its author was regarded by potential producers and backers as "too intellectual." *Man of La Mancha* was endlessly insistent in its pretensions to seriousness, but its idea of seriousness was a heavily strenuous romantic optimism, in the tradition of Rodgers and Hammerstein. It offered the inspiration of "The Impossible Dream" to anyone willing to accept inspiration on such fuzzy-minded terms; there must have been many such people, since *Man of La Mancha* ran for 2,328 performances.

And, of course, there have been *some* old-fashioned, unambiguously escapist musicals over the past 20 years—notably *The Music Man* (1957), *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* (1962), and *Hello, Dolly!* (1964)—and more recently there has been a series of reconditioned old musicals that catered to the same escapist urge. But the very fact that it was found necessary to revive and refurbish *No, No, Nanette* (1971), *Irene* (1973), and *Very Good Eddie* (1975) suggests that though the desire for escapist musicals has not entirely abated, the people who are writing musicals now are unwilling or unable to satisfy that desire.

It seems inescapably true that they don't, indeed, write musicals the way they used to. We may never have a new show the likes of *Kiss Me, Kate* or *My Fair Lady* again because the relative innocence that made those shows possible is gone. It is also true, though, that they didn't write them then the way they do now. Broadway musicals have lost something in gaiety, charm, and exhilaration over the past 20 years, but they have gained something in variety, imaginative freedom, and truth to life. □

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Music Returns to the Musical

by Irving Kolodin

In the beginning there was the musical comedy, an American adaptation of a fairly baroque form, the operetta. Then some well-meaning creators took the "comedy" out of musical comedy, in a reasonable effort to broaden its possibilities. But some others, not so well-meaning, took the music out of the musical, in an unreasonable effort to make it something it was never meant to be. Now, at the initiative of such men as Stephen Sondheim, Richard Rodgers, Sheldon Harnick, Leonard Bernstein, and Alan Jay Lerner, music is back in the musical—at least for this bright spring season of '76, which brings *Rex* and *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue* to join *Pacific Overtures* on a newly melodious Broadway.

Each is different from the other in character, as befits a medium that has served well such divergent sources as Damon Runyon and G. B. Shaw. The trio share a common purpose in treating the theatergoer as an adult possessed of the ability to grapple, on his evening out, with such serious matter as America's Open Door policy (in its Japanese application), the succession of Tudor monarchs in England from Henry VIII to Elizabeth, and, on behalf of this Bicentennial year, life in the White House from Washington to Roosevelt I. That these serious matters are nonetheless treated with levity, indeed with an occasional touch of parody, mockery, even venery, is proof beyond question that they are all musicals. There is not a dud among them: they are all worth seeing, in a succession of priorities to be suggested later.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most uncommon is the one with the most obscure title. Why *Pacific Overtures*? Is this some esoteric reference to musical content, one in which Sondheim is describing everything in the score as some form of overture? No, nothing like that. If you listen very carefully, between the Western orchestra in the pit and the Eastern ensemble in a box at stage left, and aren't too absorbed by the sumptuous colors and agile movements of Boris Aronson's decor, you will hear a brief quotation from the diary of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry (he who put his nautical foot in the door, to open it, forcibly, in 1853) regarding the Japanese reaction to our "pacific overtures"—in other words, the veneer of diplomatic gloss on our trading intentions.

Considering what Sondheim (with orchestrator Jonathan Tunick) has done to interrelate the Western and the Eastern elements in the score, his may be the truly pacific achievement in the venture. Whether the melodic materials Sondheim has utilized, other than those labeled folksongs, are authentically Japanese or not, I can neither vouch for nor dispute. They are sufficiently suggestive, in their sing-song, sometimes pentatonic (five-tone scale) way in Act I, to fit snugly his texts and their purposes in the play. An advantage to this end is the nearly total clarity of enunciation achieved by an almost wholly male cast of Americans (of Japanese ancestry) and native Japanese artists. In the classic Kabuki tradition, they play female as well as male roles, with a suitability and brilliance that are a show in themselves.

With scant exceptions, Sondheim's lyrics are designed to carry the story forward, beginning with the atmospheric "The Advantages of Floating in the Middle of the Sea," going on to the evocative "There Is No Other Way," and especially the narrative "Four Black Dragons" (as Commodore Perry's flotilla is identified in the Japanese mind, as interpreted by John Weidman, who is credited with the book). "Chrysanthemum Tea" is a mightily resourceful scene in verse and music that deals with the inability of the Shogun to realize that American overtures, however "pacific," cannot be ignored. There comes eventually, too, the intrusively old-fashioned "Welcome to Kanagawa," in which the sophisticated Oriental point of view takes a long detour back to the tired Broadway tradition of the Winter Gar-

Pacific Overtures—"*Something new to say.*"

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Martha Swope

Nicol Williamson in Rex—*"Henry VIII on the prowl."*

den itself (where the show is housed) for a noisy finale to Act I.

The "welcome" is being offered by the geishas of the town to the American sailors who come ashore with the Yankee dollar. Its raucous accents provide the "break" required, in accord with the law of the musical which decrees that such a creation can have only one intermission, and that the first act must be substantially longer than the second. In their previous collaboration, *A Little Night Music*, producer Harold Prince and composer-lyricist Sondheim managed the trick adroitly; here they have just managed it.

Most musicals tend to run down with reprises and plugging of hit tunes as they approach the end; *Pacific Overtures* is among the elite in having something new to say as the evening wears on. Moreover, Sondheim finds a new way to say it. As Japan loses its original, undefiled identity across decades of expansion and industrialization, so does the music. It turns from the national to the international with a long, intricately adroit parody of readily recognizable sources as the segment called "Please Hello" unfolds. The arrival of a British admiral is to the rhymes of *tentative* and *representative* (in a parody of Gilbert and Sullivan's "model of a very modern major general"), and the French come on crying "A détente! A détente! Zat's ze only thing we want" (to a spicy paraphrase of a cancan suspiciously like the one in Lehar's *Merry Widow*, which, in some English translations, has the words "Girls! Girls! Girls!"). And, in parallel to the conversion of Aronson's set from classical Japanese to instant contemporary, Sondheim's music concludes with a crashing counterpart to the lulling "Floating in the Middle of the Sea" with which it began. Titled "Next," it is sung by a stageful of the cast in natty mod dress, as a reprise of all the things the United States visited upon Japan in the 19th century and which have come back to haunt us in the 20th. None of Sondheim's score may be immediately whistleable, but it is eminently replayable on the RCA recording, which includes something not available in the theater: the *total* sung text, on eight large pages (ARL 1-1367).

THE SIGNBOARDS outside the Playhouse in Wilmington, Del., proclaimed *Rex* (about to be born on its way to Washington and New York) as "Richard Rodgers's New Musical." This is about as forthright as a billing can be. The musical input of the celebrated, venerated, hardly underrated composer of 40 previous theater scores is even more important to the expensive project's survival than Sheldon Harnick's lyrics, the book by Sherman Yellen, or even the central characterization by England's Nicol Williamson.

In *Rex*, Rodgers takes a retrospective view not only of its subject, the much married Henry VIII, but of his own career. At times the music registers a reminiscence of Henry on the prowl, lechery on his mind, as Lorenz Hart might have viewed him. Then it turns to Harry, the proud parent and simple family man, a side just suited to Oscar Hammerstein II to empathize with. That is to say, to condemn Henry for his wickedness, but to extol him for his moral purpose in striving to leave England a son to succeed him. What if it means a divorce or a beheading or some other unpleasant way of disposing of the wives who only produced daughters? If it makes way for the one (Jane Seymour) who finally performs the wanted feat, so be it.

The Hart phases are amusing, sometimes naggingly tuneful rather than freshly felt; the Hammerstein aspects are plaintive in a practiced way, stirring the mind rather more than the heart. Through the long pull of another overextended first act, it is the superb staging of Edwin Sherin and the fine acting of a strong supporting cast that give dramatic validity to a play within the structure of a musical, all surrounded with regal finery by John Conklin.

The more remarkable then that, with the retrospective stages behind him, Act II turns out to contain several of the best individual items the composer has written in years, and, in one sustained stretch, a gush of vintage Rodgers from the vintner's own private stock, in a setting of prime Harnick verse. Henry is grown old, which is to the advantage of the Williamson impersonation; Elizabeth has grown up (she is, cleverly, played by the same Penny Fuller who was cast in Act I as her mother, Anne Boleyn, who had gone to the block for breeding a girl rather than a boy) to face down her father, and to anger him into banishing her. In the affecting "From Afar," Henry laments the separation from his daughter, and recognizes that she is probably better suited to rule England than is the softer, childish Edward. Then, in turn, comes Elizabeth's resolute "In Time," affirming Henry's judgment with her prescience that she will, eventually, take the throne; and, finally, a triumphant resolution to the scene of Henry's death with the strains of "The Pears of Anjou."

The title is Harnick's metaphor to express Henry's longing for one more round of roistering and reveling, which Rodgers mesmerizes into a summarizing song for any lifetime. It is a deeply felt vista of life's abundance which, as Rodgers shapes it, emerges as his own kind of "September Song." It has everything in it to incite Williamson to the best of which he is capable, both as an actor (great) and singer (better than expectable from a dramatic actor), to depict a mighty monarch sharing any peasant's common lot—the deathbed. It is a song that lingers in the ear even when left incomplete (Henry's last breath fails him in mid-reprise); and it is destined, certainly, for inclusion in Rodgers's own Top 40.

Whether *Rex* as a whole measures up to this crowning, uncrowning moment depends in part, at least, on what has happened prior to its New York opening to the overlong first act. Spectacle it has in abundance, as well as some imaginative moments of male choreography by Dania Krupska in the elaborate "Christmas at Hampton Court" early in Act 2. It will, without question, be a reputation-maker for many in the large cast, including an infinitely engaging youngster named Michael John. He is an 11-year-old Canadian, as good-looking as he is talented, who plays the young Edward VI fated to rule for only six years after Henry's death in 1547. Believe it or not, *he* is the Rex of the title; but the king of this court is still named Richard.

PRESIDENTIALLY, as well as residentially, speaking, *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue* might also have been about a court, save that George Washington—the

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only President who never lived in it—rejected the idea of a palace and was content to call it a House. As viewed by Alan Lerner's book and lyrics and supported by Leonard Bernstein's score, the show is a parable of "A House divided against itself" (though Lincoln's words are never heard), always a White House rather than a Black House, even for those who lived and worked in it.

This theme is evident almost from the entrance of Miz' Adams (peerlessly impersonated by Patricia Routledge, as are the 10 or so other First Ladies to follow), who has to be led by a little black boy she encounters on the way (as Lerner tells it). There are, to be sure, other themes that could be enunciated in terms of "The House" (as it is unfailingly referred to) and its first 100 years, and they are mentioned from time to time. But the issue that confronts the "Mr. Presidents" who came between Washington and Grover Cleveland (Roosevelt I is depicted in a closing vignette) is pitched on race relations. There are two excellent reasons for this: theatrically, it enables Lerner and Bernstein to include a highly talented group of blacks who would adorn any show; emotionally, it generates passion about a subject that, 100 years *after* the first 100 years, still troubles the House, its inhabitants, and the country as a whole. And its creators pose, as the final curtain's challenge, "Are you honestly proud?"

As of the 20th anniversary of *My Fair Lady*, Lerner is much the same adroit, witty, rarely self-indulgent man about words as before. This is not to suggest lack of progress, but merely to affirm the high standard to which he has always been faithful. In tying together the many strings he has drawn from history, *1600* (as it is abbreviated by its participants) may eventually be rated his most creative accomplishment to date.

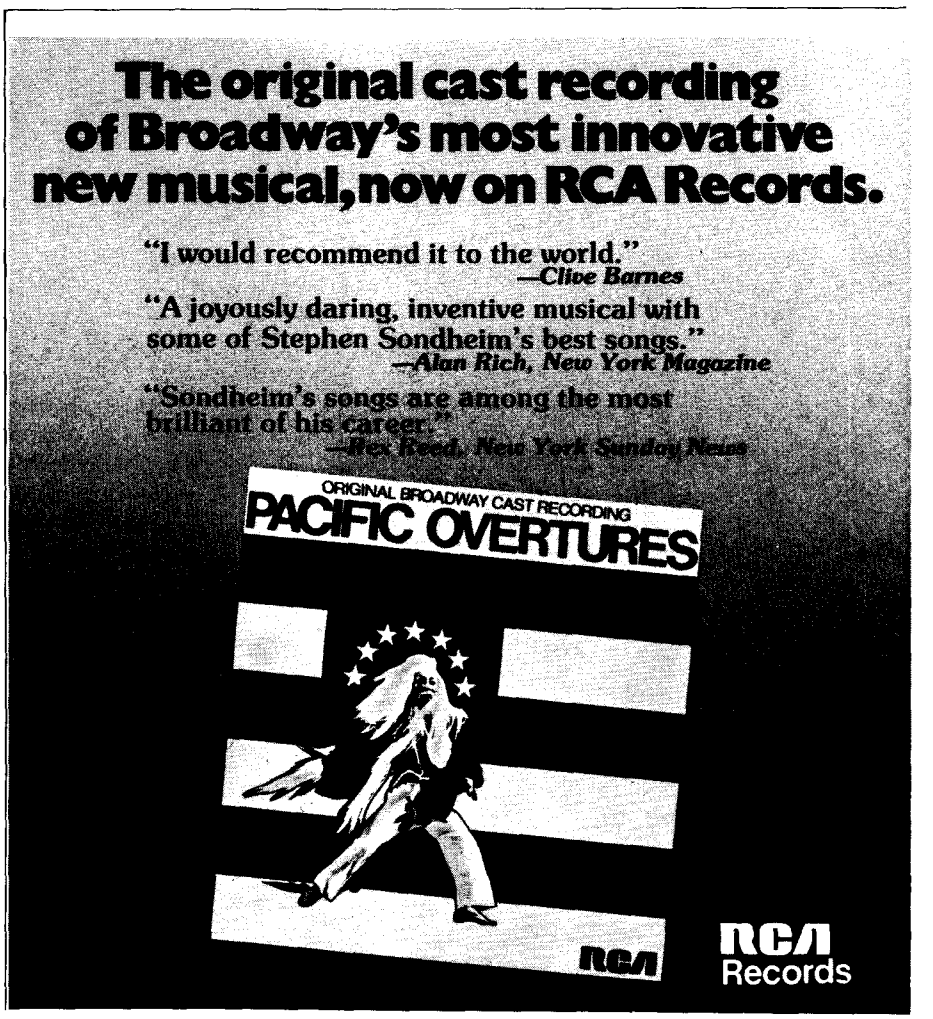
Leonard Bernstein, on the other hand, has progressed vastly in his vocation of theater composer since the exuberance of *On the Town*, the spirited fantasies of *Wonderful Town*, the urban urges of *West Side Story*, and the hectic involutions of *Candide*. In them, Bernstein was sometimes inclined to make the story a vehicle for his music. In *1600*, the music almost invariably serves the story, and so much the better.

If I read his purpose rightly, Bernstein has addressed himself, in a general rather than a formalized way, to utilizing the musical idiom in vogue at the period represented by each "Mr. President" (aptly impersonated by Ken Howard). To make an architectural comparison, that would range from Colonial (in a quiet sung prelude that replaces the usual overture); through Federal (a particularly engaging "President Jefferson Sunday Luncheon Party March"); antebellum; and, most capriciously of all, a summarizing 19th-century blackface minstrel. As an instance of the sly humor that intrudes from time to time, consider a group of British officers who disport themselves in the House during the occupation of 1812, to the strains of "their favorite drinking song." This just happens to be "To Anacreon in Heaven," even as Francis Scott Key was penning the words which, when sung to the same tune, would become, everlastingly, "The Star Spangled Banner."

From time to time, the players revert to their contemporary (1976) selves, affording opportunities for Bernstein to update his muse accordingly. Included are "Bright and Black" (one can imagine, almost without hearing it, the Bernstein tune it would evoke) and "The Red, White, and Blues" (in the minstrel scene). The various styles and periods are unified by Bernstein's artful instrumentation, carried out by Sid Ramin and Hershy Kay. The musical leadership of Roland Gagnon, the choreography by Donald McKayle, and the stage direction of Frank Corsaro are also contributory to the artistic values embodied in the partnership of Lerner and Bernstein, who may now be joined until death does them part.

THIS RESURGENCE of the musical and its possibilities is a heartening reminder that it possesses not only pride of ancestry, but hope of many more descendants to come. Furthermore, out of such new alliances as Rodgers and Harnick, Lerner and Bernstein (to join an ever-evolving Sondheim and Sondheim), one may project new cross-breedings and mutations.

For those in search of guidance, I would suggest *Pacific Overtures* first, because it may not gather the public support for a long run; *Rex* next, for the old "musical" manners it embodies; and, finally, *1600*, as a vista to the future. □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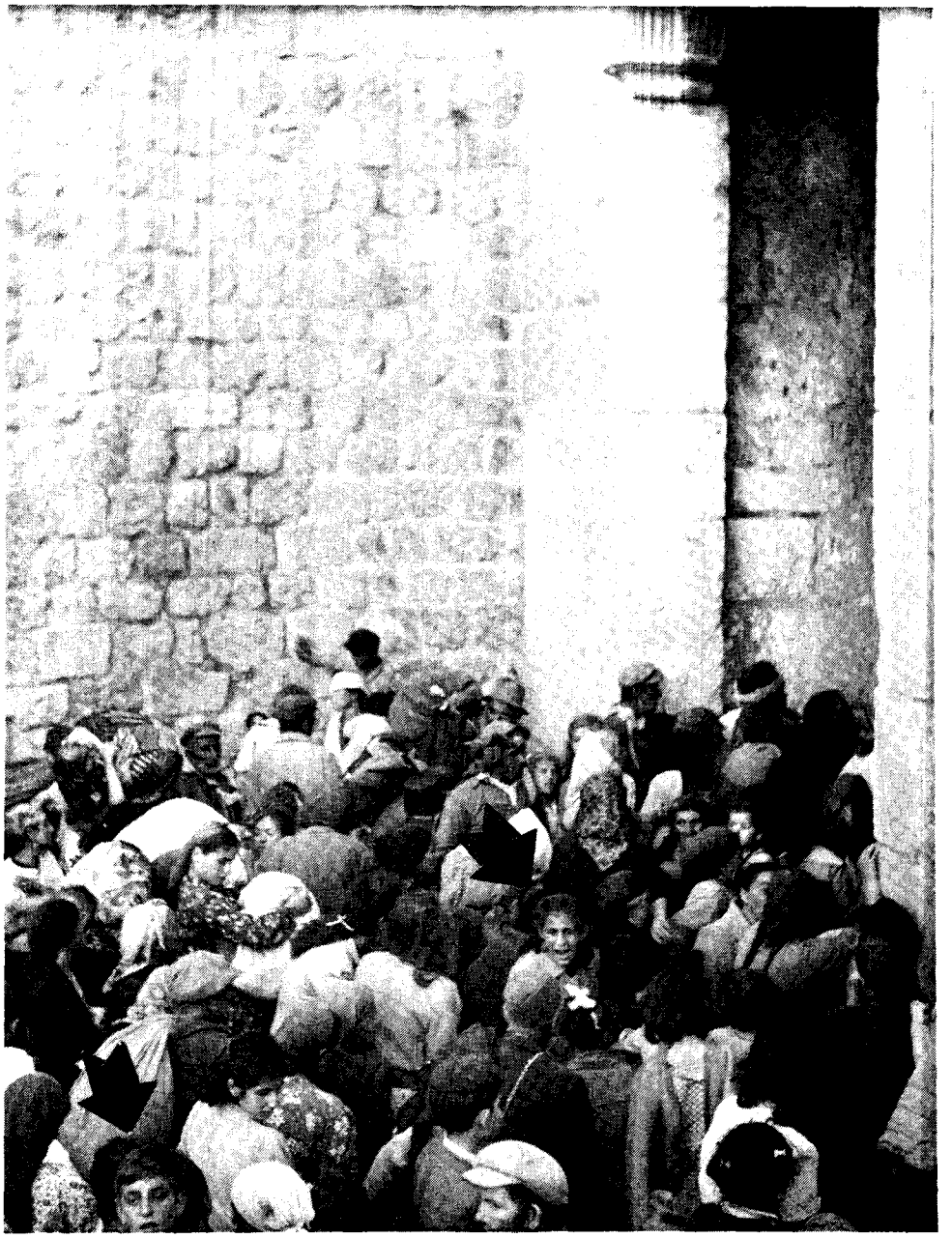

Photographs © by John Phillips

Exodus through Zion Gate. Screaming girl identified as present Mrs. Penina Evan Tov, teacher; boy as Uri Malul, a courier in 1948, a war casualty in 1973.

A Face-Finding Mission

by Margaret R. Weiss

John Phillips is not mixing metaphors or media when he refers to the camera subjects of his recent trip to Israel as a "cast of characters." The prints he showed me are a dramatic photo-documentary—human drama portrayed in paired then-and-now vignettes, with an intermission of almost 28 years between the acts of shooting.

The first set of pictures derives from Phillips's coverage of the Arab-Israeli war in 1948. Working as one of *Life*'s roving lensmen, he managed to get himself accredited to King Abdullah's army. With the Arab Legion he entered the Old City of Jerusalem, witnessed the siege of the Jewish quarter, and recorded its surrender after 10 days of violent fighting. Twenty-four hours later, a carbonized corpse was the only Jew left in the Old City—the last Jew to be seen there for the next 19 years. "Within hours of the surrender," the photographer recalls, "the 35 fighters still on their feet had been sent to a POW camp, 800 civilians had been herded through Zion Gate into the New City, and the Legion had moved the 200 wounded into the Armenian quarter to save them from perishing in the fires set by the looting Arab mob."

It was a time, however, when headlines were exploding on other newsfronts —Tito's break with Russia, the Berlin airlift, Indochina, Greece. The Jerusalem report narrowed down to a scant one page in *Life*. But for Phillips the scenes remained vivid and the faces haunting. "From time to time I wondered whatever happened to those people in my pictures. Was the young Haganah officer still alive? Did the terrified little girl running down the burning street ever catch up with her family? Did the small boy with the shoulder wound still wear his scars and haunted look? Where was the girl who screamed as she was about to vanish through Zion Gate, and what had become of the boy who looked wistfully in my direction? Did the aged couple climbing up the hill with their bundles live to see the quarter liberated?"

A few months ago he found answers

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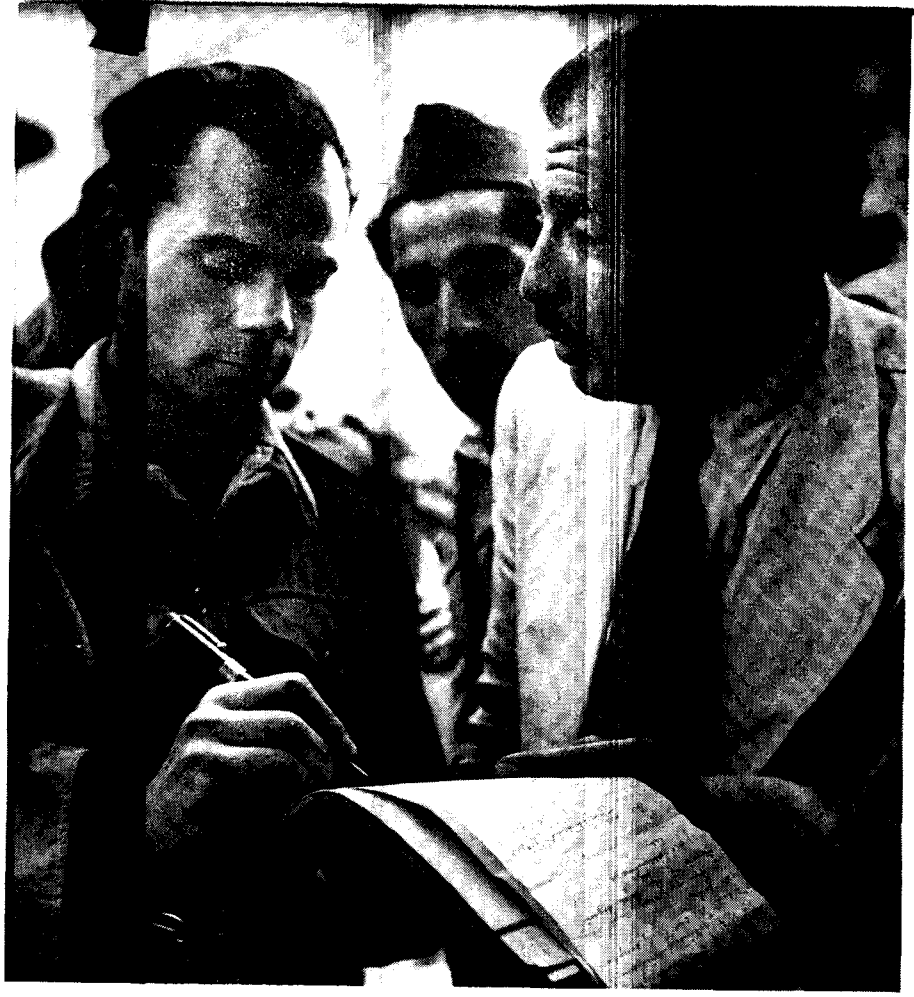

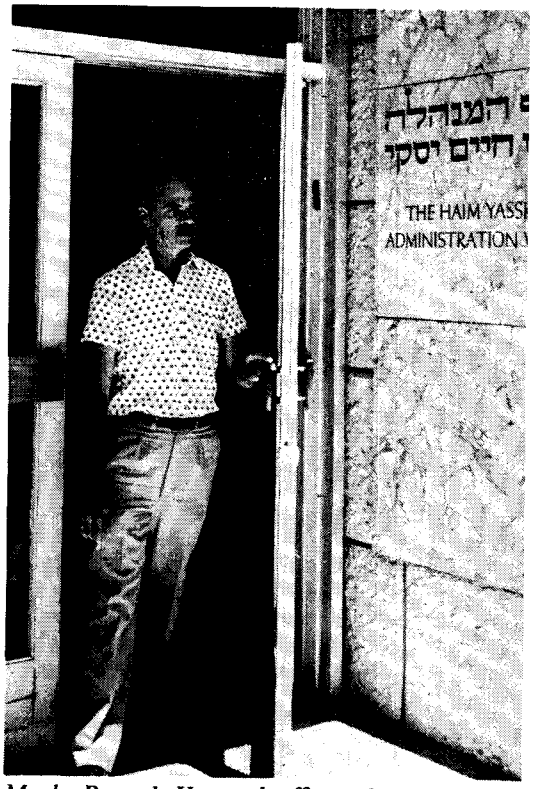

Moshe Rusnak, Haganah officer who surrendered Jewish quarter to the Arabs, is now administrator of Hadassah hospital.

Mrs. Isaac Kaplan, wife of co-inventor of surgical laser, was Nurse Masha Weingarten 28 years ago.

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Refael Hanoch, today supervisor of telephone repairs, was one of the wounded children.

to these questions and more. Revisiting Jerusalem at Mayor Teddy Kollek's invitation, he embarked on a whirlwind three-week "face hunt." With the help of his wife and a pair of energetic student guides assigned to the project, he succeeded in tracking down 53 of the individuals who for so long had been only nameless faces on film.

TIME AND inevitable physical changes considered, the number of persons identified represents a remarkable score. It also represents a cross-section of society —from the pastry chef who bakes strudel for Mrs. Golda Meir to Mordechai Gazit, who served as the Prime Minister's political adviser on the Sinai Desert negotiations and is now ambassador to France. Even Hollywood could not have done better had central casting made the selection: taxi driver, butcher, interior decorator, stationmaster, fruit vendor, housewives, teachers, colonels, doctors, lawyers—with a former British Army deserter and a onetime political assassin adding an extra fillip to Phillips's all-star cast.

While before-and-after shots reflect a documentary realism words cannot match, taped conversations convey ideas and impressions that cannot be photographed. The survivors' shock at seeing themselves as they were in 1948 unleashed a flood of emotional recollections for the photographer's tape recorder. In *Rashomon* style, the same story is told over and over, each time recalled from a different angle by a different person with a different background and level of education.

Among those updated on tape and Tri-X film are the terrified child now grown into a placid 180-pound housewife; the screaming girl who has become both teacher and homemaker; the signer of the surrender who is administrator of the Hadassah hospital; the wounded 10-year-old who today is the man most in demand in Jerusalem since he is in charge of telephone repairs. Cemeteries yielded their share of information: graves of the elderly couple who never lived to see the Jewish quarter liberated, and the hero's grave of the wistful youth who had fought in all four of Israel's wars before being killed in action during the Yom Kippur conflict. The trail of two survivors led back to the United States, where Phillips found one serving as a consulting geologist at the United Nations and the other teaching political history at the University of Chicago.

The photographer's "cast of characters" will not suffer from lack of exposure. Currently he is at work on a book and a TV program about his face-finding mission; a traveling exhibition of 1948-and-now prints is scheduled to premiere at the Israel Museum in Jerusalem this summer. For anyone who has experienced the loneliness of the long-distance photojournalist when hard-won coverage goes unpublished, Phillips's story offers a heartening reminder: pictures, like people, have a will to survive. □

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Dance

by Walter Terry

Bolshoi Bicentenary

Moscow

The "200th Season." Thus do the printed programs proudly announce the Bolshoi Ballet's performances in the gorgeous red-and-gold Bolshoi Theater, or in the vast (6,000 seats) and modern Palace of Congresses, during this bicentennial of one of the world's most celebrated ballet troupes. I could not, of course, see the full anniversary repertory, but in a matter of days I did see one of the most famous Bolshoi staples, the Petipa-Minkus *Don Quixote* (considerably amended from the Petipa original), as well as a world premiere: a full-length ballet based on Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* (the title given the ballet in Russian is, curiously, *Love for Love*).

Both the ballet-follower and the general theatergoer can look here to discover what has happened choreographically and theatrically in the century separating these two ballets. The traditional mime, which served to tell the story in the Petipa classics (such as *The Sleeping Beauty* or *Swan Lake*) and even in pre-Petipa ballets, has become sketchier, more shadowy in recent years. Indeed, Yuri Grigorovitch, the Bolshoi's artistic director and principal choreographer, in his updating of certain Petipa classics, has totally replaced the mime with freely invented dramatic gesture. Their *Don Q* (also seen in America) is pre-Grigorovitch, in a comparatively old staging by Gorsky.

The internationally famous *Grand Pas de Deux* from *Don Quixote*, a bravura extract as popular in Philadelphia or Tokyo as it is in Moscow, is here performed as part of a classical divertissement for the corps. Kitri and Basilio, the ballet's young lovers, have straightforward dances—especially Kitri's bold, brash, flirtatious entrance. As in the Balanchine version, Don Quixote and Pancho are present but rather minor; the Bolshoi version is taken up with the young hero and heroine, ensemble dances (a dagger dance for the men and Kitri), and the inescapable gypsy dances that the Russians interpolate into their ballets whenever remotely possible.

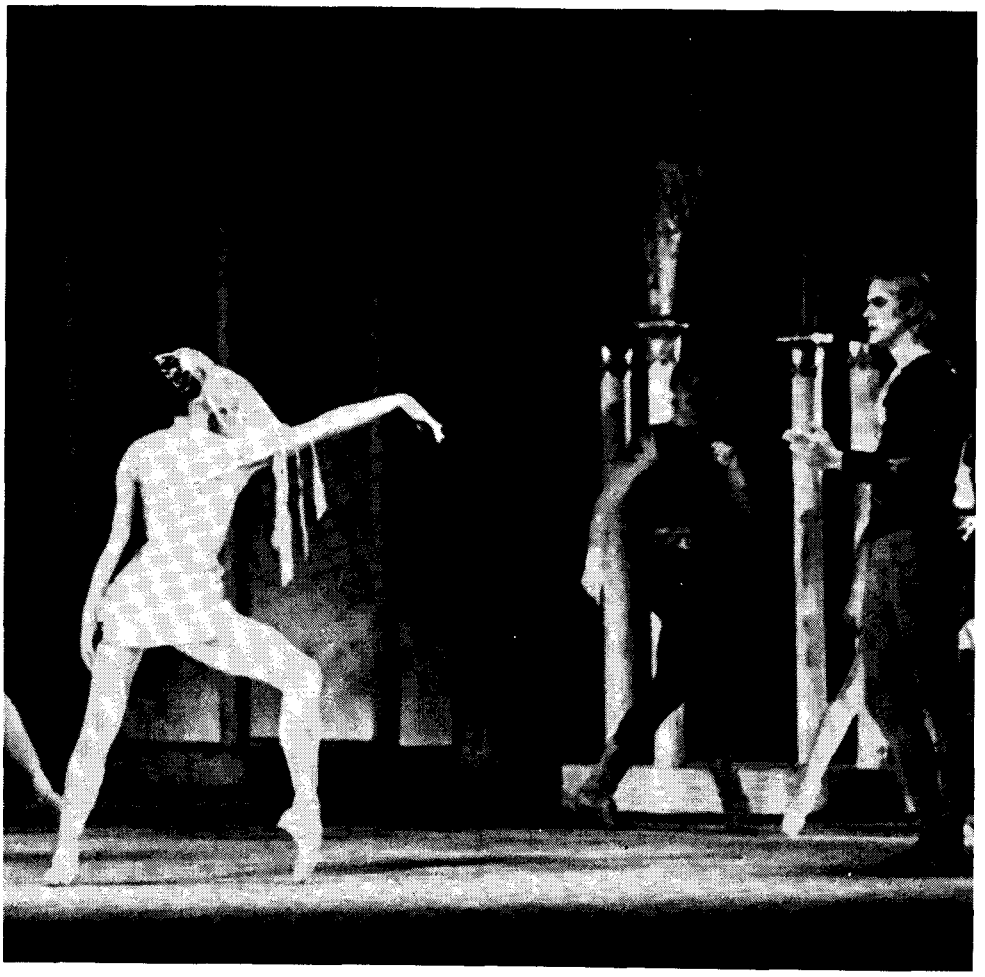
The cast, with the exception of Kasatkina (whom I'm quite sure I recognized, even from the far reaches of the Palace of Congresses, in her enormously popular gypsy characterization), was new to me and not very distinguished. The Kitri was Bolshakova, strong but hard and harsh of movement and far from sensual. Juljayev (Basilio) was just competent, and the corps was less than that. The audience responded with barely desultory applause. A far cry from the *Don Quixotes* America once saw—with the marvelous Maximova and Vasiliev or the matchless Plisetskaya.

And what of the new *Much Ado* (or *Love for Love*)? Structurally, it was hardly different from the old *Don Q*, except that the mime scenes were deleted and replaced by nothing but a few gestures and facial expressions suggesting anger, love, coyness. The choreographic focus, as in Petipa, was upon the variations: a romantic adagio, a showpiece *pas de deux*, a *corps de ballet* sequence, and the like—brief, separate dances linked very loosely by a plot. But here, in a new ballet, although one could follow the story line, motivations were left unclear in the absence of old mime or new dance acting.

The décor for the newest Bolshoi production was something else again. It was light and airy—not operatic in scenery, as in the old ballets—sculptural rather than architectural. Suspended were giant figures, brightly hued cut-outs of characters in court dress, almost *commedia dell'arte* in style, which could be raised or lowered or glided back and forth. There were also delightfully indicated (a large golden cage, for example) "playing" areas such as used in Shakespeare's multi-scenes. This striking setting with its mobiles was designed by Leonovich, assisted by Prokudina and Etmakova, and the handsome costumes, well integrated into the scenic plan, were by Dzlitavchenko and Shurupova.

In this new work, choreographed by V. Bokkadoro (French-born, and one of the few women choreographers in the

Golikova and Godunov (right) in the Bolshoi Ballet's Love for Love.
Sovfoto



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U.S.S.R.) and with a score by Tikhon Khrennikov, the principal roles were danced by artists familiar to American audiences. Godunov, Maya Plisetskaya's partner on her last tour, was the stalwart, romantic hero (Claudius); Golikova was the fair heroine; and the exuberant Beatrice and Benedick (*Much Ado*'s traditional scene-stealers) were played by the veteran Nina Timofeyeva (a junior ballerina on the Bolshoi's first American tour) and Vladimirov.

For this premiere at the Bolshoi Theater, the performing standards, in both technical prowess and stage deportment, were higher than for the *Don Q*, but once again an overflow audience was not highly demonstrative.

WHAT, THEN, had occurred balletically at the Bolshoi in the last century? (The fantastic balletic progress of the first of the Bolshoi's two centuries has long been a part of history.) Not, if one uses these two ballets as examples, a great deal. Lighter, swifter, more compact staging, but the formulas of variations—duets and solos, *pas de trois* and *pas de quatre*, ensemble passages for full corps, character or national dances—remain. Balletic progress at the Bolshoi is most powerfully made manifest in the massive spectacles created by the Bolshoi's resident genius, Grigorovitch, in such works as *Ivan the Terrible*, so vast that few American cities saw it on the recent Bolshoi tour, and his *Spartacus*, also so big (or "bolshoi," as one says here) that it had to be done in stripped-down form for most U.S. theaters.

Perhaps the harbingers of ballet development into new dance areas are more likely to be found outside the institution of the truly fabled Bolshoi Ballet. The Ballet of the Stanislavsky Theater has had for some years a quite remarkable version of *Swan Lake* (I saw it first in Paris 20 years ago, and again the other night here in Moscow). And I have also seen a concert by a youth group directed by Yuri Zhdanov, the incomparable Romeo to Galina Ulanova's Juliet on the Bolshoi's first U.S. tour. This concert contained short pieces that departed from traditional steps and began to explore new possibilities of theme and choreographic design. Here, there seemed to be a beginning, a start, a striving for something new. But I shall talk of that at another time; for this report, it is the Bolshoi that matters. Still mighty in many respects, crumbling in others, hopeful in Grigorovitch. □

The Movies

by Judith Crist

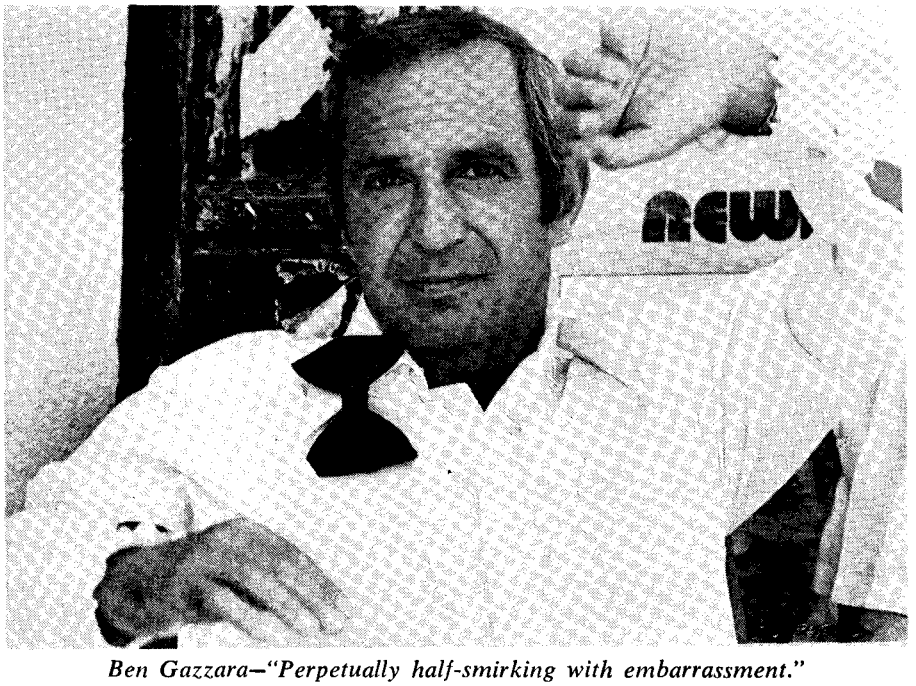
To Each His Everyman

That old *malaise de quarante* is back with us on screen (if by nothing but coincidence of release dates), with the 40-plus years and the problems thereof weighing heavily on the hearts of both American and French filmmakers. And leave it to art to imitate national stereotypes: the American opts for the gangster movie, while the Frenchman probes the middle years via *l'amour*.

The gangster movie comes from John Cassavetes, so long the "promising young" experimental filmmaker that it's difficult to believe that since he earned those adjectives at 32 with *Shadows*, 15 years have passed. So have four more features: *Faces*, *Husbands*, *Minnie and Moskowitz*, and *A Woman Under the Influence*. And now there's a sixth to shatter any delusions of the maturity, the self-discipline, the control of content and even of the camera that one felt, until now, were just within his grasp.

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie is a mess, as sloppy in concept as it is in execution, as pointless in thesis as it is in concept. Ironically, it is as if an artsy-smartsy amateur had attempted a remake of one of those taut little low-budget crime thrillers in which Cassavetes established himself as an actor of noteworthy intensity in the Fifties. Though even an amateur would opt for a bit more credibility in plot, a bit more intelligence in the endless improvised chitchat, a bit more stability in the camerawork, a modicum of coherence in the characterizations.

On occasion Cassavetes's infatuation with his actors has paid off, particularly with the lovely and gifted Gena Rowlands, who gave *A Woman Under the Influence* its *raison d'être*. Here he's less fortunate with his protagonist, for Ben Gazzara, an able actor, all too obviously has small gift for improvised gab and seems perpetually to be half-smirking with embarrassment at his on-screen plight. Small wonder, since he's cast as the owner of a sleazy Sunset Strip joint, a man whose idea of "style" ("not class—style," he notes emphatically) is to take three of his strippers along in a hired limousine to watch him lose $23,000 he hasn't got in a poker game. To settle the debt, the mob orders him to kill a Chinese bookie who is an underworld kingpin; this he does with remarkable ease and in boring detail, and then the mob decides to kill him. This, two gangsters fail to accomplish after much gun-firing and small talk in a deserted warehouse, and Gazzara escapes to get the stage show going in his club before exiting to the sidewalk. He stands there, apparently



Ben Gazzara—"Perpetually half-smirking with embarrassment."

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bleeding to death from a wound in his pocket, his heart broken by the black stripper who scorned him. That's the way to go—with style.

All of this takes 135 minutes packed with inaction, much inane conversation in the strippers' dressing room, dreary glimpses of the dreary stage show, confusing encounters with strangers, pretentious references to death, and whiz-bang jokes like "Karl Marx said opium was the religion of the masses" and "Two girls ate a gopher tail and died of botulism." They have to be jokes—don't they? Actually, it's all a bad joke, on the faithful as well as on the unwary, with the ultimate gall being the claim in the film's promotion that its hero is "today's 'everyman' who will even murder to keep the pressure out of his life." Ho hum.

PRESSURE IS the life's blood of the creative life—or so Yves Robert suggests in his completely captivating film *Salut L'Artiste* ("Hail, Artist"), a tender tribute to the dedicated actor. A filmmaker for a quarter of a century, with *The War of the Buttons*, *Very Happy Alexander*, and *The Tall Blond Man With One Black Shoe* among his successes here, Robert is concerned with the eternal bit player, the man with both feet in movies, on stage, and in television, and his private life simply an adjunct thereto.

Marcello Mastroianni, in the best of his recent roles, is perfection as the harried over-employed actor who races from portraying Louis XIV at Versailles to Paris for another flick job, barely dines with his mistress before he's off to the theater for a walk-on as a gangster, and then dashes on to a nightclub act with his partner. In between he worries about his elder son's delinquencies, soothes his mistress's jealousies, and wonders about his wife's infidelities. He'd really like to cope with his personal life, get to the heart of his relationships—but there are cartoons to be dubbed, pratfalls to take, the possibility of bigger and better parts to be played—perhaps as the conciliatory lover, perhaps as the father returning to his family. . . . For the cream of the jest that Robert has concocted with his co-author, Jean-Loup Dabadie, in this neatly paced 96-minute movie is that, with or without Pirandello, his character is always in search of an author as his life becomes a bad play and scripts reflect his reality. Even his partner, who has quit to become a merchandising man, winds up doing it as a bit in a Chabrol film—so the scenes with wife and mistress, as they are finally lost to him, are, after all, just scenes to play out.

Mastroianni brings a fine edge of pathos to his role, stretching the empathy to all who see their personal lives slipping into the background of their professional absorption. Two beauties, Françoise Fabian and Carla Gravina, as mistress and wife, temper their roles with a mature understanding as women who know when to let go, and Jean Rochefort is first-rate as the partner who doesn't let go. And the irony of the title is tempered with affection.

IN *Vincent, François, Paul . . . Et Les Autres*, as he was in *The Things of Life* and *Cesar and Rosalie*, Claude Sautet is concerned with middle-aged men and women caught in romantic crisis. Unfortunately, in this film, based on a Claude Neron novel, the canvas is broad, the crises merely stated, and the dramatic impact relegated to personality rather than to plot. The three men of the title are affluent long-time friends. Yves Montand's Vincent loses his business and his true love but survives with new optimism; Michel Piccoli's François, a doctor, loses his wife; Serge Reggiani's Paul retains his wife but dries up as a writer. They are sadder, if not wiser, for it all. But all we are left with in this impeccably performed, exquisitely photographed film (the cinematographer is Jean Boffety, who did the earlier Sautet films and Robert Altman's *Thieves Like Us*) is a series of expository vignettes, signifying the obvious—at least for the 40-plus crowd.

For the Jeanne Moreau crowd, André Téchiné has provided the star with one of those socio-family sagas, so dear to the Hollywood heart, wherein the cute chambermaid or villager revives the rich folks' thinning blood line by marrying the heir, taking charge, and restoring the fading family fortune. *French Provincial* (*Souvenirs d'en France*) starts in the Thirties with Moreau the hearty town laundress and mistress of one of the heirs to the town's biggest industry, a foundry. With the support of the founding father, who knows a plebeian talent when he sees it, she marries her man, runs the show when the old man dies, holds the fort during the war, taking time out to work for the Resistance, and after the war, when her fickle sister-in-law runs off with an American, manages to get some capital from the American to keep things going, in or out of her own control. Téchiné all too obviously has a political point to make and becomes so involved in tracing the decline of provincial capitalism that he abandons the characters with whom he involved us initially. Moreau, whose resemblance to Bette Davis now, in her middle age, extends even to gestures, loses spark and individuality, and the vigorous laundress loses out to the stereotyped woman exec. Even Moreau cannot save the story from its thesis.

Nor can Jane Birkin's truckload of girlish insouciance and case of the cutes save *Catherine & Co.* from being just another soft-core exploitation film designed for those who like their sex simulated and R-rated. Note, however, that this is the only one of the French films discussed here to have attracted a major American distributor, Warner Bros.

The cloying screenplay, by Catherine Breillat and Leo L. Fuchs, based on an Edouard de Segonzac novel, offers us Birkin as a girl from Manchester studying haute cuisine in Paris. Short of money and jilted by a young lover, she cadges sleeping quarters from men, including a broker who explains investment and incorporation to her. Before long, Catherine has five "investors" who pay for her favors weekly—there's more simulation than stimulation as we see how she suits the special needs of each; she invests her capital, makes a killing, shares the profits, and even lures her by-now-married young lover into being a sixth client. Jean-Claude Brialy and Jean-Pierre Aumont are among her lovers but retain their clothing as well as their dignity, as befits the middle-aged. □

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 55

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 58.

G IGWK ZFEFHM ZGENU KVF LSTBK OVFEF OF VGDF GPEFFQ KS HFK TBDFUKTPGKTSB WFGUF.

—WGEZGB

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Music to My Ears

by Irving Kolodin

James Levine Week(s) at Lincoln Center

Into every man's life, so it is said, some rain must fall. Just now, for James Levine, it is raining engagements at the Met—of which he is principal conductor and will soon become music director—as a pianist in joint recitals, and as a guest with symphony orchestras. Recently he spent two weeks with the New York Philharmonic, during a time in which a new production of Verdi's *Aida* also required his attention. Result: 11 appearances at Lincoln Center in 14 days, including a Friday divided between a matinee concert in Avery Fisher Hall and an evening *Aida* across the plaza.

How it ended, it is too soon to tell. How it began was something special in the unfolding career of Levine (which, as it happens, rhymes with *divine*). That was a program with the Philharmonic which was, without question, the most pleasurable two hours I have thus far spent in the company of the young (33) musician. To begin, it was a program that would have crinkled the lips of a statue: a "new" Haydn concerto for cello, a provocative novelty by the late Bruno Maderna, and the ever-welcome D minor (No. 7) symphony of Dvorák.

To speak of a "new" concerto by a man who died in 1809 is clearly contradictory, but this lively, lovely work was only uncovered in a private library in liberated Czechoslovakia in the early Sixties. The score is just now coming into general circulation, a condition that will unquestionably be accelerated by a performance such as was heard from Lynn Harrell, a companion-in-arms to Levine since their days together with the Cleveland Orchestra. This was a performance long on flexibility of bowing (right hand) and artfulness of fingerboard manipulation (left hand), of a kind not commonly associated with Haydn's cello writing. However, if one projects the understanding of the cello's resources contained in Bach's earlier solo suites, the next expression is clearly to be found in Haydn. Whatever the genesis, the fulfillment was handsomely accounted for in Harrell's thoughtfully vigorous effort and Levine's uncommonly flexible control of the orchestra.

The same kind of control asserted itself in Levine's broadly beautiful, finely phrased direction of Dvorák's D minor, which may be the third best of that modest and great man's nine (edged only by the G major and the *New World* in E minor). Its friendly melodies and drivingly dramatic developments were radiantly realized in this performance—a result, in part at least, of the apprentice years Levine spent under the late George Szell, a master of the Dvorák literature. It was an evidence of Levine's control of himself and the situation that he could turn his back on the woodwinds and brass with the conviction they would do their work unprompted, as he devoted himself to a subordinate but important phrase in the strings. A casual encounter with one member of the orchestra found him high in praise of Levine, but wishing that his definition of cues and entrances (with the baton) was a little more clearly defined.

The title of Maderna's *Quadrivium* defines a work in which the orchestra is divided into four segments, which immediately qualifies it for inclusion in the category of "Second-Generation Bartók" (*SR*, Feb. 7, 1976). Maderna's groupings tended to timbral affinities, in which similar-sounding instruments in each of the four groups—metal (chimes, celesta, bells, cymbals), skins (drums, tambourines), wood (xylophone, marimba, plucked strings), and reeds (oboes, clarinets, bassoons)—played together. Much of it was rather too devoid of musical substance to sustain attention, but the ending section, in which vibrations dissolved into thin and thinner air, was hypnotically evoked by Levine and his responsive players. The whole evening suggested that the young conductor's familiarity with the highest standards of orchestral direction is much closer to him than anything he has yet demonstrated in opera at the Metropolitan.

Levine—"The highest standards of orchestral direction."

TEN YEARS' absence from public performance is a lengthy span in any career, the more so when the years are those between 62 and 72. When Erica Morini, long esteemed as one of the best contemporary violinists, passed her 70th birthday, in 1974, it might have been assumed that the concert hall would see her no more. Miss Morini erased the 10-year gap in the few hours of a "homecoming" recital in the concert auditorium of Hunter College.

The audience was large and of a mixed disposition. Some old friends were clearly impatient to discover whether their old favorite was still entitled to admiration, or merely to affection. One younger person, seated behind me, read the program and marveled, "Fifty-five years a public performer. Wow!"—little realizing that it would take Morini another decade to catch up with Heifetz, and still be well behind Rubinstein. It was very much a Morini program; one might say *the* Morini program: the Tartini G minor ("Devil's Trill") sonata, Corelli's variations on a theme of Tartini, the Beethoven F major ("Spring") sonata, the D minor of Brahms.

The first two parts of it were played with Miss Morini's own inimitable combination of incisiveness and gravity. The touch of Latin in her makeup (her father was Italian, her mother Austrian) was held in reserve, until—in the later phases of the Tartini variations—it provided the spark to make her technical display pyrotechnical. Her tone, never large, is now somewhat smaller, but penetrating in its purity.

Unchanging, too, was Miss Morini's way with the Beethoven sonata, but not to her credit. It is still her apparent con-

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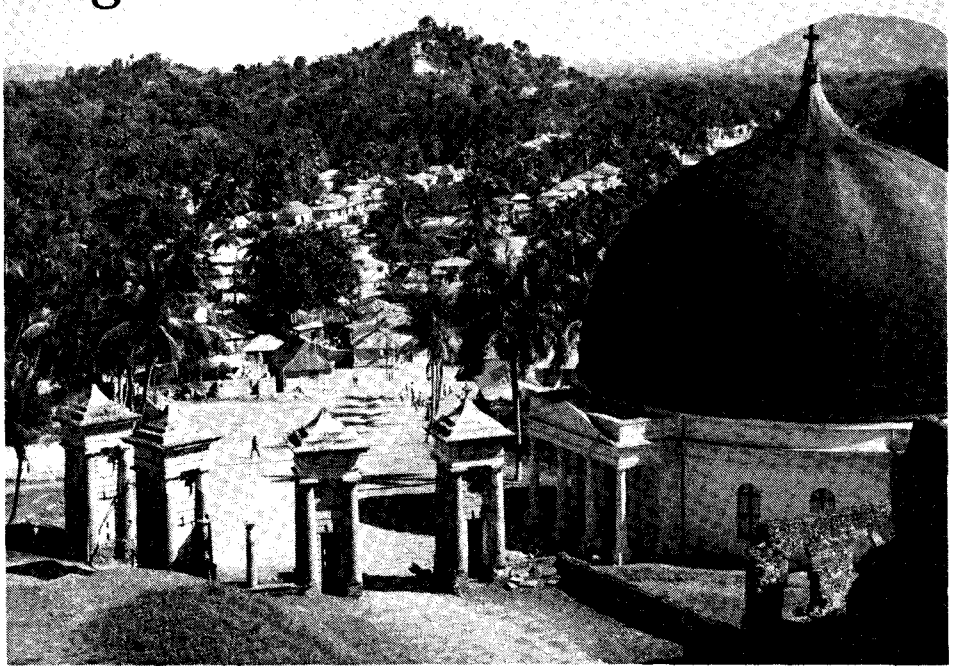
viction that Beethoven wrote these works as solos for the violin with piano accompaniment, though they are clearly defined, in his own words, as sonatas for pianoforte with violin obbligato. Nomenclature is of no moment, but when she inclines to play even background passages on a level with the principal matter in the piano, an artistic solecism is being perpetrated. Leon Pommers, loyal friend, good pianist, played on, having been through it before.

A formidable violinist from Korea was heard in recital for the first time, when, after several appearances with orchestra, Young-Uck Kim performed in Alice Tully Hall. He is an instrumentalist of great precision and high discrimination in the shading of the rich sound he drew from the exceptional Guarneri del Gesu (the "Lipinski") on which he performs. So far as facility and instrumental discipline were concerned, nothing he challenged in Stravinsky's *Duo Concertante*, the B minor (unaccompanied) partita of Bach, and similar matter, challenged him unduly. He also had, in Samuel Sanders, a piano partner who took full responsibility for the music Stravinsky wrote for his instrument.

But Kim's artistic stock sagged below the market opening in the Bach partita, a work of rugged musical design as well as contrapuntal intricacy. The intricacies were clarified in time and on pitch: the musical design was rounded rather than rugged, the level of expressivity restrained by Kim's much too restricted scale of personal input. A player of his accomplishments should have no problem in amending this deficiency.

Solo players of the viola are rarely able to claim a place on a symphonic program (save by being members of the orchestra), and black solo violists all but never. Marcus Thompson, Juilliard-trained, and now a professor of humanities at MIT, is one who deserved the opportunity that came to him—to perform in Walter Piston's concerto for viola and orchestra in a Carnegie Hall concert by the Symphony of the New World. Thompson has assurance, temperament, and major mastery of his instrument: with anything like the Guarneri available to Young-Uck Kim, he would have no problem holding his own with the orchestra; without one, he sometimes did. Everett Lee has made a much better ensemble of this mostly, but not wholly, black orchestra than it was when I last heard it, in 1972. □

High and Low in Haiti



The chapel at the gates of Sans Souci—"Resplendent enough for a shaky kingdom."

by Horace Sutton

Although black republics have proliferated during the post-colonial years, filling the halls of the United Nations with a blizzard of names, some of which are wont to change without much notice, one of the earliest to establish independence was Haiti, which occupies a piece of a West Indian island about the size of Belgium.

Haiti is a spirited land, a quality that has attracted a special breed of traveler —those who are enthralled by the bright-colored, often fey, art; by the drums, which find their antecedents in some African backwater; by the dance, which is deeply intertwined with the murky essences of voodoo mixed with the grace of ballet; by the French overtones which lend a shade of style; and by that mix of vitality and whimsy that tints every facet of the national personality. The special breed of visitor, I might add, comprehends those who are not dissuaded out-of-hand by Haiti's poverty, for it does suffer from the limitations of a land that can scarcely support those who must seek life from it.

Most of the visitors converge in the capital at Port-au-Prince, the center of Haiti's best hotels, galleries, and shops; the hub of political and social life; and the locale, less grandly, perhaps, of its casino and its divorce mill.

When the French were here—and they stayed from 1697 until they were overthrown in 1803—they settled the deep-water port in the north that is now known as Cap Haïtien. In the French time it was called Cap Français, a glittering city—some called it the Paris of the Antilles—the centerpiece of France's richest overseas colony. Coffee, tobacco, indigo, cocoa, and sugar cane were the flourishing crops, all of them shipped out from the Atlantic port at Cap Français.

There is little there now of the colonial time, nothing that even faintly resembles a Caribbean version of Paris. The streets are almost empty, and there is no hint of that bustling, jostling, dusty, frenetic swirl that one finds to the south in Port-au-Prince, a city that hadn't yet emerged from the jungle when Cap Français was an edition of Paris in the West Indies.

But there are ruins of the turbulent post-colonial period, and they evoke, more than anything else, the history of Haiti. Without difficulty, one could trace back the strivings for freedom to the American Revolution. Henri Christophe, who was to emerge as the self-ordained king of Haiti, fought at the Battle of

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Savannah in 1799, either as a volunteer or as a serving boy to an officer in the French army. A ship that had put in at Cap Français, seeking soldiers to enlist in the cause of the Colonies, sailed away with 545 volunteers. And one that had come earlier seeking only funds collected more than 1 million louis donated by the people of the capital city.

The French Revolution, with its dedication to liberty and equality, shook the foundations of Saint Domingue. Requests for a representative vote were rejected with force. A slave who rose to become commander of the army of the island colony, Pierre-Dominique Toussaint L'Ouverture turned his back on France and declared himself the Bonaparte of Saint Domingue. The Bonaparte of France, somewhat irked by this turn, dispatched a huge army that took Toussaint prisoner. He died behind bars, in the prison at Joux, near Besançon, in the spring of 1803.

That autumn, pursued by black generals Jean Jacques Dessalines and Alexandre Pétion, France surrendered.

Dessalines declared the colony free of France on January 1, 1804, and nine months later declared himself emperor, only to be done in by a military ambush in 1806. Henri Christophe became president of the new republic, but when Pétion was about to succeed him, Christophe took the title of king and split the nation in two parts: the north was an empire ruled by Christophe; the south, a republic headed by Pétion.

Pétion proved a progressive leader, even providing help and a home for Simón Bolívar, who was trying to follow Haiti's lead in shaking the colonial yoke in South America. But Christophe had monarchical ideas. Outside the village of Milot, not far from Cap Haïtien, he built the palace of Sans Souci, which—so he told his architects and builders—was to be as large and as grand as Versailles. If it didn't quite match the court of Louis XIV, it was resplendent enough for a shaky kingdom. The walls and paneling were done in polished mahogany, gilded mirrors and tapestries adorned the salons, and silk hung at the windows.

Underground passages are said to have been tunneled through the mountain leading to Christophe's famed Citadelle, the enormous fortress built by hand in the heights high above the port. Forty-five thousand cannonballs were stored there against an attack that never came. The 12-foot-thick walls were never breached. And, curiously, a cannon fired from its ramparts could scarcely have carried shot as far as any invading ship that had pulled into the harbor.

Photographs: H.S.

Christophe's Citadelle—Forty-five thousand cannonballs and never an attack.

Earthquakes and time have eaten away at Sans Souci, but the shell of the palace remains, and guides like to point out the room in which Christophe shot himself, allegedly with a silver bullet, after he had suffered a stroke. In four-wheel drive, sturdy vehicles can make it part way up the mountainside, but those who would inspect the Citadelle firsthand must board a small horse, guided by a barefoot Haitian, for the last leg.

The Citadelle survives only as a tourist's source of wonder. In the middle is Christophe's tomb with the self-serving inscription: "Here lies Henri Christophe, King of Haiti. I am reborn from my ashes." With the demise of the kingdom, northern Haiti joined the south to form a republic, which has endured through turbulent years that once needed the U.S. Marines to guarantee the stability.

The center of the nation combined around Port-au-Prince and Cap Haïtien, as it came to be known after the French left, slipped into a somnolent backwater. It remains pretty much that way today, although lately the cruise ships have found it convenient to stop in at the port on the Atlantic coast of the republic.

A few small hotels provide a nesting place for day passengers and a gentle hideaway for those who fly up from Port-au-Prince on Haiti Air Inter, the local airline. To my eye, the Hostellerie du Roi Christophe, which once commanded the best reputation, has seen better days. Its location alongside the town generator doesn't enhance the hotel's attractiveness. The Roi Christophe would never have approved. An air of gaiety, however, seems to hang over Mont Joli, a small hotel pasted against the hillside above town, its many balconies looking down on the pool and the veritable burst of greenery around it.

Many of the cruise passengers assemble at the Hotel Beck, which can prepare a buffet for 300 and entertain up to 500 for a native show. For those who come to roost, it has only 16 rooms, all of them with private bath and all as simple as a declarative sentence. The hotel was started by Kuno Beck, who arrived in New York from a small German town near Stuttgart in 1909. He got a job in the import business, but hearing about Haiti, he came down in 1916 and began to import dry goods and lumber.

Many World War II stories still carom around the Caribbean about German submarines said to have been provi-

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WATCH

OPEN MIND

Television discussions of crucial interest

Recent guests have included DONALD RUMSFELD, DANIEL YANKELOVICH, LOUIS NIZER, Sen. HENRY M. JACKSON, BETTY FRIEDAN, NATHAN S. KLINE, M.D., Sen. EDWARD M. KENNEDY, EDA LESHAN, ELLIOT RICHARDSON, JOHN CHANCELLOR, HARRISON SALISBURY, JOHN H. KNOLES, M.D., B.F. SKINNER...

Produced by WPIX, New York, in cooperation with Saturday Review/World, Inc. moderated by

Richard D. Heffner,

Professor of Communications and Public Policy at Rutgers University, author of "A Documentary History of the United States"; and editor of Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"

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sioned and refueled on outlying islands. The Becks never heard about such incidents, but nonetheless both Kuno Beck and his son Kurt were interned and sent to North Dakota, fittingly enough, in Bismarck. Large chunks of their land had passed to other hands by the time they got back, and they opened their hotel in 1952.

If the Beck bespeaks the setting preferred by a German importer, the new small beach resort at Cormier has all the South Pacific French airs of the Club Med at Moorea. There, for $17 a day with all meals, a wayfarer can find shelter in one of the seven stylish bungalows, all of them within a step or two of the Atlantic. The day I was there the luncheon fare was crevettes inoculated with an antitoxin of garlic, followed by lobsters in piquant sauce. I could scarcely fault it; indeed, it was enough to send a wistful thought of a lost weekend welling into the consciousness.

My program, as it always seems to do, called for me to buzz off in quite another direction, in this case aboard Air Inter for the return to Port-au-Prince and so, after a pause, back aboard American Airlines for the return to the real world. In the capital, far from that noontime idyll by the sea, I was installed in great comfort at El Rancho, a hotel to suit all architectural styles, set on a hillock at Pétionville. Beyond the fantasy of arches, curves, wings, past the pool edged in Astroturf, lay the immense plain of the Cul de Sac.

Being laid out in splendor that might have suited Christophe, I could only recline among the pillows and decide which of the two maroon marble baths was going to get my dusty frame. A friend of mine in a room down the hall was faced with no such decision. His room had only one bathtub, although I must say it was colored scarlet, had gold fixtures, and was mounted on gold feet.

I never quite made it to the tennis court, the whirlpool, the sauna, or the backgammon room, although I was around for a barbecue that proved a dazzling amalgam of the best of the French and Creole kitchens, with a little American added on the side. The show that followed was all Haiti, unadulterated and fiery, leaning heavily on voodoo figures and costumes.

Even with that indoctrination, the next morning I was hardly ready, when emerging from the front portal, to find myself face to face with a Haitian who had covered himself with lampblack and was brandishing a huge bow and arrow. On his head was a crown of feathers; and on his back, a giant set of wings. It wasn't tribal warfare, or restless natives, but the warm-up for carnival, and in Haiti they warm up for weeks before the event.

It was a pleasant Sunday, once I got past the archer, and we rolled into the high country toward Kenscoff. At 2,500 feet youngsters came running with gorgeous bouquets. In front of a small terraced farm in the highlands, two ladies stood in the shade of a banana tree, making the Capote lyric from "House of Flowers" come suddenly alive. We were following the path of the market ladies, who carry baskets from the high country farms to Port-au-Prince. Since the tourists came they have been asked to pose so many times that some, so it is said, merely stand around with a basket, waiting for camera wielders. They make more money as models than as porters, and labor is easier.

Here the tropical greenery gives way to eucalyptus and the eucalyptus to pines. Art of all flavors flourishes in these heights. Galerie Monnet, in the former summer home of President Magloire, is a refined salon with some of the best of Haitian art and a few of the French masters. In the Galerie Village des Arts, a creative enclave has been created in what was once an ice-skating rink. All the disciplines—ceramics, tapestry, wood sculpture, and metalwork—are represented by resident artists. That would seem to make the place busy enough, but on the side the owners, a Canadian and his Haitian wife, are opening a trout farm to serve Haiti's restaurants.

With the French inheritance and native Creole talents, Haiti's restaurants are among the best in the Caribbean. One of the newest and handsomest is Le BelVedere, at Morne Calvaire near Pétionville. The lobster arrives flamed with Pernod, the *rognons de veau* hiccough in Madeira, the *tournedos* swims in *marchand de vin* sauce. All this with an enormous view of the flat plain and the sea, 1,000 feet below.

If that sort of outing seems too sophisticated, Haiti also sports a familiar image called, down here, Poulet Frit de Kentucky, complete, I guess, with the hirsute bust of Colonel Sanders to warm the cold hearts of the homesick. □

Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 8): argil, glair, Grail.

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Top of My Head

by Goodman Ace

Write or Wrong, My Country

Washington. President Ford, reportedly unhappy with the quality of his speeches, has reshuffled his speech-writing staff, the White House disclosed today. . . .
—*The New York Times*

Dear Mr. President and Candidate:
If you will pardon one jigger of aged-in-the-wood audacity on the rocks, I think I can be of immeasurable help in bringing your staff writing problem to a happy solution. Most likely you are not acquainted with my expertise in this field; so a brief summary:

For 25 years I was head writer on staffs of several television shows and supplied material for most of TV's glamorous stars, many of whom could read. (A head writer is the writer to whom his head is handed if the program begins to drop in the ratings.)

You must have heard some of our inventive, often quoted works, such as "Good evening and welcome to the show," or "Our next guest is a man who needs no introduction," or "And now we take you to Latin America to hear the rhythmic beat of Perez Prado's orchestra," or "Well, I see by the clock on the wall that our time is up." And so on.

Now, if you can agree with me that running for the Presidency is a form of show biz, and that television, where most of the running is done, is an illegitimate offspring, or a bastard spinoff, of show biz, you will begin to realize what a great help I can be in the care and feeding of your TV writers. They can become a sullen and counterproductive group if the star of their program carps about their material, as the *Times* story says you did about that budget speech they wrote for you.

By now I can hear you saying, Get this guy telling me what to do. He's only a TV program writer, and I never went on TV with a program.

You've got to watch that, Mr. President. That's one example of how a well-meaning, off-the-cuff remark can get you into trouble with those nasty Democratic candidates who could pounce on a straight line like that. In show biz, quick, cutting lines which seem to be off the top of the star's head are actually carefully constructed ad-libs written by the staff, if you are friendly (or at least even pretend to be) with them.

Realizing that running a country and a Presidential campaign is a harrowing job, I can understand your impatience with your writers. It's traditional in TV that the stars and their writers are often at loggerheads. As Fat Jack Leonard (remember him?) once said to me, "Who are you writing against this season?"

I had that feeling during my first stint as writer of the highly rated Milton Berle show. (Remember him?) I used to argue for hours to persuade him to use some of our lines. I had a bad case of integrity in those days. But I soon learned it was friendlier to offer a substitute line for one he didn't like. My credo: "The moving finger types, and, having typed, moves on." If it made Berle happy, it can make you happy, too.

I recall an earlier President who is said to have written a famous speech which began: "My fellow countrymen, I recollect it was about 87 years ago . . ." With an assist from his writers, he changed that opening line (which had been written on the back of an envelope) to: "Four score and seven years ago . . ." Thus, Abe Lincoln (remember him?), who is now regarded as one of our greatest, most respected Presidents. Except, of course, in George Wallace country.

That's just one example of a happy relationship between a President and his staff. TV writers can also be of great help in supplying small mirthful quips in speeches. Also—and this is most important—in supplying "savers." A "saver" in TV is a line you use after you've delivered a bon mot, which turns out to be more "mot" than "bon." It's known in the trade as a "shtick."

A shtick is a piece of business or a funny line to cover the failure of the joke line. The piece of business that goes with it is that you tear out the page of your speech, crumble it, and throw it away, saying, "That's the last time I'll buy a joke from Earl Butz." Or from Howard Cosell or Lawrence Welk or whomever.

If you accept my application, Mr. President, I can assemble a staff of a hundred TV writers to accompany you on your campaign trail. They will be a real asset to you as they mingle facelessly among the crowds on the hustings, where seldom is heard an encouraging laugh track, and they'll slip you improvised gags to relieve the heavy rhetoric of your speeches.

Only you, the star of the show, will know that your staff supplied the ad-libs. We writers seek no public acknowledgment from our stars. We can withstand the slings and arrows of the obscurity of our craft, if the impatient stars for whom we toil are not given to reshuffling us.

If I may paraphrase: "The fault, dear Mr. President, is not in ourselves that we are underlings, but in our stars"—Marcus Brutus (remember him?). □

"Dad, I've been re-evaluating this generation-gap scene. You have Shakespeare; we have Vonnegut. You have Como; we have Dylan. You have Van Gogh; we have Warhol. You have Hepburn; we have Dunaway. You have the Times; *we have the* Voice. *How do you feel about* SR?"

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Light Refractions

by Thomas H. Middleton

It's All in the Minds

Bill Reynolds writes an excellent column on words called "The Language Game" for *The Long Island Advance* and *The English Journal,* the monthly publication of the National Council of English Teachers. I'm grateful to him for, among other things, bringing to my attention a quotation from Virginia Woolf. Mr. Reynolds said, in his column of January 22, 1976:

> It requires a poet like Virginia Woolf to insist on perspective: "Words are the wildest, freest, most irresponsible, most unteachable of all things. Of course, you can catch them and sort them and place them in alphabetical order in dictionaries. But words do not live in dictionaries; they live in the mind. . . . Thus to lay down any laws for such irreclaimable vagabonds is worse than useless. A few trifling rules of grammar and spelling are all the constraint we can put on them. . . . They do not like to have their purity or impurity discussed. . . . In short, they hate anything that stamps them with one meaning or confines them to one attitude, for it is their nature to change."

Still, we can't help thinking that what we learned about certain words—their meanings, connotations, and pronunciations—from our parents and teachers is tantamount to divine law, forever immutable; so it wasn't surprising that, in reaction to a "Light Refractions" of a few weeks ago in which I made the outrageous assertion that *luxury* could be pronounced *lugzhury* or *lukshury* with equal legitimacy, I received at least a dozen letters telling me that *lugzhury* is an abomination—one implying that the *x* should be in accord with the *x* in *lux*, which is an international light unit, and another implying that the *x* had to be *eks* to keep it in accord with Lux, which is a soap.

The fact is that *x* has more meanings and more pronunciations than any other letter in the alphabet. *X*s are kisses, 10s, and low playing cards; *x* marks the spot; you can *x* out *x* number of mistakes. *X* can be pronounced as in *box*, *example*, *xylophone*, *x-ray*, *Don Quixote*, *Xochimilco*, and maybe a few others. So please don't worry about *lugzhury*.

The truth about pronunciation, whether we like to admit it or not—and most of us don't—is that the "correct" pronunciation of a word is the way in which it is generally pronounced, and there are a great many words that are pronounced in more ways than one.

When I say *February*, I pronounce both *r*s. I say *veterinary*, not *vetinary* or *vetnary*. There are dozens of words that I—and probably you, too—pronounce in the way we deem "correct"; we give the proper approximation of the French for *chaise longue*, and we say *caramel* instead of *carmel*. The fact is, though, that *chaise longue* is usually pronounced *shays lounge*, *caramel* is usually *carmel*, *February* is usually *Febuary*, *veterinary* is usually *vetnary*, and so it goes. Pronunciation is very much a matter of current practice.

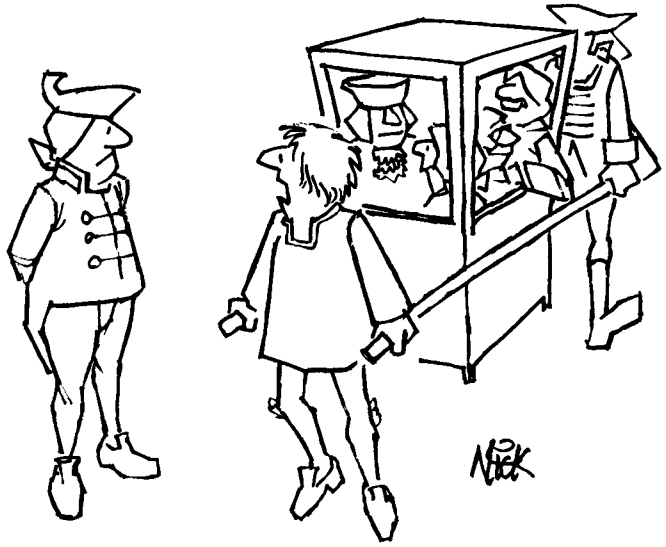
A gentleman named Woodruff Bryne sent me a list of seven different pronunciations he'd found for *Byzantine*, and he added two unlisted variations of his own "just for the hell of it."

Mr. Charles C. Guilford reminded me of the story about the foreigner who studied hard to learn English, mastered the pronunciations of *though*, *bough*, *bought*, *tough*, and *through*, then saw a headline saying BAZAAR PRONOUNCED SUCCESS, and, says Mr. Guilford, "The latest report is that he committed suicide."

How can *February* possibly be pronounced *Febuary*, though? Well, that's how language works. We don't necessarily pronounce words as they're spelled. We no longer say *Wodenesday*, or even *Wednesday*, but *Wensday*. We don't say *Portsmouth*, but *Portsmuth*. How about *Worcestershire*? And that all-time favorite, *Cholmondeley*—incredibly pronounced *Chumley*? Why doesn't *blood* rhyme with *mood*, and why doesn't *wood* rhyme with either?

The ways in which we pronounce words are not easy to dictate in black and white, and the ultimate authority for correct pronunciation is how a word is actually pronounced by those who use it. So, while you and I will probably continue to say *Feb-ru-ary* and *shezz long* and *vet-er-in-ary*, any dictionary that fails to acknowledge the fact that nowadays those words are most often pronounced *Febuary*, *shays lounge*, and *vetnary* isn't entirely accurate.

To accept the fact that pronunciation is subject to the general whim, such as it is, is not necessarily to stop being a little bit stiff-necked, of course. I still think my pronunciations are superior to those of the general public, and I'll probably get a set of ulcers from stewing about *assessory*, *flassid*, *sussinct*, and similar unwarranted affronts to the double *c*. Still, to insist that the only acceptable pronunciations are those found in a 40-year-old dictionary is to misunderstand the essence of words. As Virginia Woolf said, they "don't live in dictionaries; they live in the mind." And there are hundreds of millions of minds in which they're living, and new minds born every minute, waiting for our favorite words to get poured into them, for better or worse. □



"Who's the genius that dreamed up the idea of the car pool?"

Answer to Fraser Young *Literary Crypt No. 55* (see page 51):

A fact merely marks the point where we have agreed to let investigation cease.
Carman

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Double-Crostic No. 95

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 P	2 V	3 E		4 I	5 F	6 M	7 Z²		8 R	9 B	10 X	11 P		12 W	13 H	14 I	15 G
	16 Z¹	17 J	18 F		19 R	20 A	21 Q	22 Z¹		23 Z¹	24 V	25 J	26 U		27 B	28 Y	
29 A	30 H	31 D	32 K		33 V	34 B		35 Y	36 F		37 A	38 H	39 P	40 E	41 Z²	42 J	43 R
	44 Z²	45 G	46 S		47 U	48 D	49 L	50 C	51 R	52 N	53 H	54 V		55 G	56 Y		57 B
58 Z¹	59 U		60 Z¹	61 U	62 K	63 V	64 W	65 I	66 N		67 B	68 H	69 A	70 Z	71 U	72 L	
73 Z	74 R		75 Z²	76 E	77 Q	78 U	79 G	80 Z¹	81 C	82 M		83 Z	84 N	85 A		86 V	87 O
88 P	89 M	90 H		91 T	92 D	93 K	94 I	95 Z²	96 Z¹	97 S		98 S	99 C	100 Z¹		101 T	102 A
103 D	104 O	105 J		106 V	107 P	108 K	109 Z¹		110 X	111 M		112 Z²	113 R	114 A	115 O		116 Z²
117 G		118 B	119 P	120 L	121 I	122 Q	123 X	124 D		125 C	126 G	127 F	128 I	129 Z	130 N		131 D
132 L	133 J	134 W		135 U	136 W		137 C	138 Z²	139 L	140 E	141 B	142 K	143 R		144 W	145 A	146 F
147 K	148 O	149 N	150 M		151 O	152 E	153 L	154 X	155 F	156 S	157 C		158 Z¹	159 T	160 P	161 O	162 Y
	163 T	164 P	165 S	166 I		167 N	168 Q	169 W	170 R	171 F		172 X	173 J		174 T	175 A	176 M
177 Y	178 Q	179 B		180 Y	181 X	182 A	183 K	184 H	185 Y	186 S	187 I	188 Q	189 U		190 X	191 Z²	192 W
	193 C	194 S	195 I	196 K	197 Z¹	198 R	199 U	200 T	201 G		202 Z¹	203 A		204 N	205 O	206 U	207 X
208 T		209 H	210 W	211 E	212 P												

INSTRUCTIONS

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a *published work*. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Middleweight boxing champion, 1949–50 (full name)	29 37 69 85 102 114 145 175 182 203 20
B. V. T. Hamlin's comic strip (2 wds.)	57 67 118 141 179 9 27 34
C. One of the Medway Towns, Kent, England	81 99 125 137 193 50 157
D. Frederick the Great's flute teacher (1697–1773)	48 92 103 124 131 31
E. Come into existence or prominence	40 76 140 152 211 3
F. German-American churchman (1721–1802), bishop of the Moravian Church in the United States	5 18 36 127 146 155 171
G. Dome-shaped herb also called *clover broom*	15 45 55 79 117 126 201
H. Speaking with excessive pride	209 13 30 38 53 68 90 184
I. Game fish found in the warmer waters of the Atlantic	187 195 4 14 65 94 128 121 166
J. Ivanhoe's love	173 17 25 42 105 133
K. Island off the east coast of Africa	32 62 108 183 196 93 142 147
L. Not sacred; impious	49 120 132 139 153 72
M. Nibbles at tidbits or snacks between meals	150 176 6 82 89 111
N. Drunken	130 149 167 204 52 66 84

CLUES	WORDS
O. "Your fleece _____ but 'tis too cold" (2 wds.; Crashaw, "Hymn of the Nativity")	87 148 151 205 104 115 161
P. Provides with incentive	160 107 1 119 88 164 212 11 39
Q. English physicist, 1950 Nobel Prize	77 122 168 178 188 21
R. Splits, takes off (2 wds.)	51 170 198 113 8 43 74 143 19
S. Lady loved by Sir Pelleas	46 97 98 156 165 186 194
T. Manchettes	200 208 163 101 159 174 91
U. Idle, worthless person (comp.)	26 47 61 78 189 135 199 206 59 71
V. Steadfastly courageous and resolute	63 24 33 86 2 106 54
W. Vanquished, overcame	12 64 136 144 169 134 210 192
X. Andean mountain in Bolivia	110 154 123 181 172 190 10 207
Y. Leafs rapidly through, as a book, etc.	28 35 56 180 177 185 162
Z. English painter (1787–1849; *Combat*)	70 73 83 129
Z¹. Lift in weight lifting (3 wds.)	96 58 109 80 197 202 16 23 158 100 60 22
Z². North suburb of London	7 116 44 112 95 191 138 75 41

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 94* appears on page 26.

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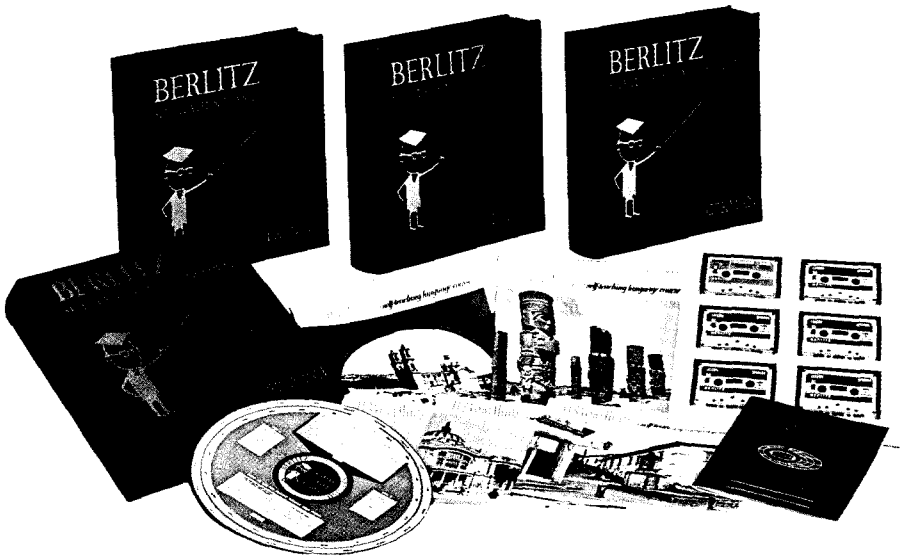

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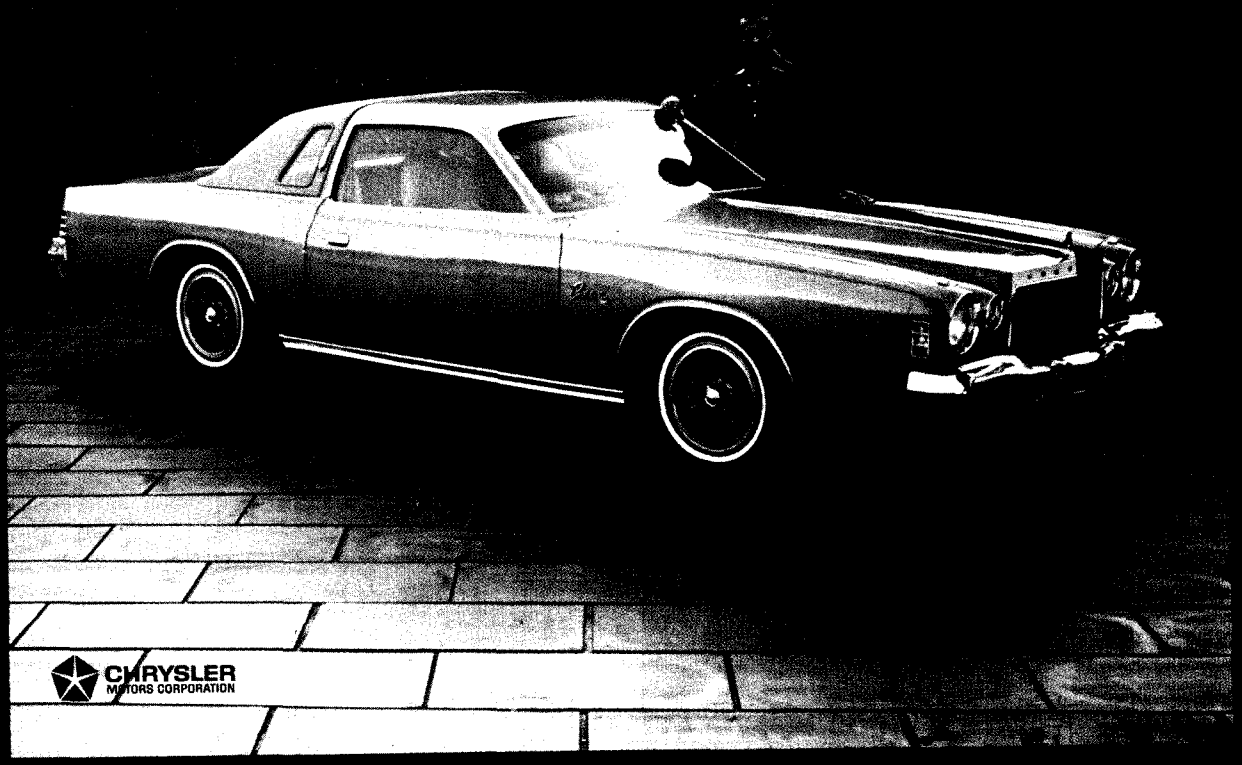

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